Claudian

TRANSLATED OVT OF LATINE INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

By *Leonard Digges* Gent.

LONDON,
Printed for HVGH PERRY, and are to be sold at the signe of the *Harrow* in *Britaines Burſſe*.
1628.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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1 6 2 3.

TO HIS MVCH HONOVRED VERTVOVS SISTER, the Lady PALMER, wife to Sir ANTHONY PALMER, *Knight of the Bath*:

Her Brother *L. D.* wisheth increase of all true Felicitie, &c.

MY deare Sister, the Dedication of this Poeme can belong to none more fitly, then to your selfe; since (next vnder God) your care of mee in a desperate sicknesse, made me liue to finish it. It is a Translation, and therefore farre short of the Originall, the rather because mine:) A Worke not so pleasing for Ladies (being in it selfe lofty, and harsh in the

translation,) I have intended to you, as a Patterne for a piece of Needle-worke (I knew you were about;) for which purpose, I perswade my selfe, no Poeticall Authour will with more variety furnish you, then *Claudian*: howsoeuer, hee or I faile, yet this first labour may seeme as an earnest-penny of my affection, and to tell you, that all true happinesse in this life, and eternall in the next, is wish'd vnto you

By your Brother and friend,

obliged euer to serue you,

L. D.

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I present to thy view the three first books of Claudian *de raptu Proserpinæ in English Verse: a work (how pleasing it may prove, I know not) since of my Authour,* Scaliger *sayth, he was* materia ignobilitate oppressus, *but* addidit de ingenio quantum defuit materiæ, *which wit, the Translators barrennesse of stile may (haply) have diminished. The Reader will finde many faults, one I willingly here present, which is, that* Ceres *is described in the first booke to be drawne by fixe Dragons, contrary to all Poets, that allow her but two: This and some few other errors I impute vnto the hastinesse of the Presse, which the ingenious Reader will pardon, especially if the maine worke giue that light (that I hope for) to the Originall.*

Farewell.

L. D.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Historicall Sense or meaning of the Storie.

When men for their sinnes, like other creatures, were forced to ordinary foode: the bread which they ate of (as Eusebius *and* Suidas *mention) was of Acornes. and* Plutarke *writes, that after the Flood it was of the same. At that time,* Siculus *reigned King of* Sicilie, *whose wife (named* Ceres*) a woman of a singular apprehension (to trie a Conclusion) tooke some of the wilde Wheate, which groweth naturally so in that Country, and sowed seedes of the same, and was carefull to till them: these in their due time produced of that Graine in great abundance, which shee caused to bee moulded into a paste, and (finding the sweetnesse of it) still sowed more and more, till she attained to the perfection*

fection of Tillage; (with which ſhee inſtructed all her Iſlanders) ſo that the Sicilians *were the firſt Husband-men in the world, and taught other Nations, till ſuch time as Wheate became the generall nouriſher of all men.*

The commoditie the Sicilians *reaped hereby, and the multitudes of ſuch as applyed themſelues to Tillage, were the cauſes of the diuiſions of lands (touching which,* Ceres *made ſundry lawes) ſome of which remaine euen at this day with vs: and for this cauſe the blinde* Gentiles *adored her as a goddeſſe, and conſecrated that Iſland of* Sicilie *vnto her, as to the inuentreſſe of Harueſt.*

It happened that this Ceres *had a daughter, called* Proſerpina; *who, for her exceeding beautie was affected by* Orion *King of* Epirus *and the* Moloſſians, *and by him ſtolne away in the abſence of her Mother* Ceres: *who when ſhee returned, and found that her daughter was thus gone (ignorant of the Rauiſher) went ranging vp and downe the world to finde her, and in her progreſſe ſhee ſowed all the Fields with Wheate as ſhee went, till ſuch time as ſhee found* Orion *out.*

This

This Story gaue occasion vnto Poets, to faine, that Pluto *stole away* Proserpina *from* Sicilia, *in her mothers absence (who missing her at her returne) sought her thorow the world, till she had found her with two blazing lights, and knowing that shee was in hell with* Pluto, *requested of* Iupiter, *that she might remaine with her one halfe of the yeere vpon Earth, and the other with her Husband* Pluto.

The Naturall Sense of the Storie.

BY the person of *Ceres* is signified *Tillage*. By *Proserpine*, the seedes which are sowed, by *Pluto*, the earth that receiues them.

By the diligence that *Ceres* vsed in searching her daughter, is shewne the care that Husbandmen ought to haue in the tilling and sowing their grounds, and reaping of their Harueſt.

By the sixe Moneths that *Proserpine* remained in Hell, are vnderstood, the sixe in which

the seede is vnder ground, before the eares appeare; and by the other fire that shee is with her Mother, is sowing, when the corne is ripe, and in possession of the Husbandman.

By the blazing lights, with which *Ceres* seekes her daughter, is meant the vigilancie of the Husbandman in prouiding for the increase of his harueſt.

By the lights themselues, are signified the instruments of Husbandry, without which the Corne could hardly be reaped.

The Allegoricall Sense.

BY Pluto *and his ſuddaine reſolution of marrying and warring againſt gods, is noted, the nature and diſpoſition of the inſolent rich man, who blinded with eaſe and plenty, deſireth immoderately all that his Concupiſcence leades him vnto.*

By the Deſtinies *that ſtriue to diuert* Pluto *from his purpoſe, is ſeene the force of heauenly power aboue humane.*

Mercurie's, *being sent Ambassador to* Iupiter, *declares how necessarie it is that persons of a liuely capacitie and mature iudgement, be sent to take vp strife and iarres betwixt Princes.*

By Iupiters *decree to giue* Proserpine *for wife to* Pluto, *is shewne the Diuine Prouidence, that disposeth better of things for vs, then we our selues can wish.*

By Proserpine *left alone in her mothers absence at her worke, is noted the good education of Children, to which mothers are bound, that are honest and carefull.*

By Ceres *leauing her alone, and* Pluto's *stealing her away, is put (as an example): That Mothers ought not to be so careless of their children, as to expose them to so great a hazard of their honours.*

By Venus *Executioneresse of* Ioues *will, and* Diana *and* Pallas *her Companions, is signified: that loue is a diuine connexion and bond, ordained from God, if the proceeding in the same bee with simplicity and pureness of meaning.*

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the First Booke.

Pluto *enraged, would marry, threatens warre*
Gainst Iupiter, *the Fates preuent their iarre.*
Swift Mercury, *Ambassador is sent*
To heauen, to tell the gods of this euent.
Ioue, Ceres *daughter doth resolue to giue*
His brother, and the meanes doth thus contriue:
Whilst Ceres *absent is in* Phrygia,
Venus *must egge abroad* Proserpina:
Downe she descends the Virgin chaste to see,
Diana, Pallas, *beare her companie.*

MY lofty Muse is full, and bids me sing
The robbery of Hell's infernall king,
Grimme *Pluto*; and the Carre of *Tenarus*,
That whilome with portentions ominous
And giddie hurrie, through the blasted ayre,
Presag'd the Rape of *Proserpine* the fayre,
Ioues daughter, and the marriges euent:
Profaner eares be you from hence exempt.

And now the furie of a Spirit Diuine,
Expell's all humane feare from this of mine:
Apollo breathes in me, *Phœbus* inspires
My braine, my quill with his most sacred fires.
Now, now (me thinkes) I on a suddaine see,
The Shrine of each immortall deitie,
Shake in it's quiu'ring seate (vnus'd to moue)
And the Cœlestiall rayes (that from aboue
Dispersse their glim'ring light) forerunners are,
Of *Pluto's* iourny and sad *Ceres* care.
The noyse (that in the earth's deepe wombe doth sound)
I heare, and *Athens* Temple so renown'd,
For her King *Cecrops* painfully doth grone,
(Doubling shrill Eccho's to the Cities mone:)
And *Ceres* lou'd *Eleusis* tapers blaze
With flaring lights which to the skies they raise:
Triptolem's snakes their bloudie crests aloft
Vpstretch, and with confused murmur soft,
Glide their spot-painted bodies here and there,
At which Spectators tremble, themselues feare:
They hisse, and with strange accent to my Verse
Hasten the Tragicke song that I rehearse.
The three-folde *Hecate* appear's in sight,
And lazy *Bacchus* (madding) doth affright
The eyes of mortals with his shiu'ring lance
Of wreathed Vines, and in a drunken dance
(Loading his Temples with an Yuie crowne,
Whose weight keepes his vnweldy body downe)
Knits to his necke a *Parthian* Tyger's pawes,
And skinne (that from his shoulder downe he drawes)
You gods (on whom *Auernus* wandring soules,
And multitudes of wights blacke *Styx* enroules)

Attend,

Attend, and such as of their worldly crimes,
In burning *Phlegeton* bewaile the times.
You gods, you fathers, shew, declare to me
The secrets of earths vaste concauity;
Your gouernments reueale, and mysteries
Of all those great and powerfull deities.
Tell me, since Loue so lowe would neuer bend
His shafts, what fire could *Pluto* thus incend?
As snatching off from earth this *Proserpine*,
He makes her his eternall Concubine:
Yet comforts her (that in the *Tyrants* pow'r,
Laments) by giuing *Lethe* for her dow'r.
Tell me, did *Ceres* her grieu'd mother know
Before, what should succeed? or if not so,
When she was lost, in her distracted minde,
Where could she hope her *Proserpine* to finde?
That (longing for good newes) thee makes a vowe,
The barren earth with fairest wheate to sowe.
Long since, the dismall Prince of *Erebus*
(Through wrath and fury growne outragious)
To see that he (a god) and young, alone,
Must leade a solitary life in mone,
Wanting a mate, that dayes, moneths, yeeres retire,
And passe (regardlesse of his quenchlesse fire)
Impatient of delaies and full of iarre,
He summons all the supreme gods to warre;
Disdainng they aboue should note his want,
Of happy marriage to be ignorant.
Redde lips, faire eyes, sweet lookes, soft cherishing
Confus'd embraces, limbes proportioning,
To their proportion all strange delight,
Two soules combin'd in one, which make one white:

Like yuie (twining) yuorie needs, that one,
One body, which one common breath alone,
Giues life vnto this one, and yet not one:
For (louers) each hath a Companion:
So two, when as two bodies striuing moue
In *Cupids* lists (made one by mutuall loue:)
These two, that one and all as motiues are,
Egging sterne *Pluto* to ambitious warre:
The name of father, and proud hope of sonnes,
(Each) a fore-runner of new strife becomes:
Forth-with the Monsters of infernall deepe,
Ranke out their squadrons, and good order keepe.
The vgly Fiends coniur'd by *Plutos* wroth,
Gainst highest *Iupiter* take solemne oath,
And menacing the gods in sad array
Of battell, hels blacke banners they display.
Before heauens walls, and discord first appeares
(Cladde all in ruth:) in armes of steele she beards
The portraict of her name, and next to her
Imperious Famine rageth, and base feare
(Plac't as a Scout, or as a Runnagate,
Against the foe to annoy them, cankred hate,
Despaireful sorrow, ruthlesse, out of breath
March last (led in the rere by conquring death.
Gainst thundring *Ioue*, the pallid Furies three
Combine themselues, and bold *Tisiphone*
That 'bout her head those curled Snakes doth twine
With spinie fist, that of combustions pine
A fire-brand brandisheth, whose boading light
Compassion moues, and meagar lookes affright
Of her, the sad beholder: gins to sound (round,
Through all the Campe, and 'mongst the hel-hounds

A ſoft retreat (at whoſe well-knowne voyce)
The pale fac't Monſters couch, and hush their noyſe.
The *Elements*, whoſe equall qualities
For many an Age in peace could ſimpathize,
Scarce now containe, but into diſcord turne,
And faine to their olde *Chaos* would returne:
Proud *Titans* off-ſpring hope at length to ſee
Their gyues knockt off, and former libertie:
That (breaking vp hels dung'ons) once againe,
Puniſh they may the *Author* of their ſhame.
Pluto, *Aegaeons* faucie now can pleaſe,
That long hath layne cubb'd vp in little eaſe,
And loſing ſtraight the Gyants hundred hands,
(Arm'd to obey the threatning Gods commands)
He muſters vp his ſeu'nteene brothers more
Vnto a ſecond Combate (for before
They plotted had 'gainſt heau'n) and now they long
Ioues thunder to retort the gods among.
VVhen ſoone the reu'rend Deſtinies that ſee
Sterne warres approach, and hels infantery
Range into battaile, with ſtout puiſſance,
And fearefull march 'gainſt heauens gates aduance:
So many horrid fiends that likely were
To put the gods, and all *Ioues* hoaſt in feare:
And (doubting leſt the terror of this fight,
The Orbes Celeſtiall endanger might)
Eu'n in the heate and danger of the rowt
They gently tread, and pace the Campe throughout;
And prouidently thus themſelues intrude
With modeſt threats, to tame the multitude:
Then proſtrate fore the valiant General,
With bended knees and humble lookes they fall;

(Spreading their aged Cheeks and frontes fowre,
With dangling tresses of their snowie haire)
Their hands they ioyne, those hands that spun the threed
Of many liuing, many thousans dead:
Those hands they ioyne, to whose high soueraigo'ty,
The World, and all things breathing Vassals bee:
First, *Lachesis*, the eldest of the three,
And most austere, diuides in modestie
The hoary threds, which (for she nathie keepes)
Vncomb'd, they thwart and hide her wrinkled cheekes:
In her owne name, and sisters both, she greets
Blacke *Pluto*, and to mitigate his threates
'Gainst *Ioue*, first weepes: then wiping her sad eyes,
With fainting voice she to him gently cries,
And thus begins. Thou mighty king (saith she)
Great Ruler of our vaste obscuritie,
Thou (to whose sacred iudgement) the least wight
That groanes in darkenesse, and hels horrid night
Is subiect; thou, whom loyall Fates haue seru'd
So long and from thy presence neuer swerued,
With web and spindle; thou that first giu'st breath
To all things liuing, thou, whom life and death,
Equally waite on; thou, to whom the sage
Fleet time, what ruines he in euery age
Collects, doth giue; and vnto thee the stage
Of present things doth likewise consecrate:
And lastly thou, by whom, the Soules condemn'd
Haue second being, torture without end:
Seeke not (great Prince) to haue thine honor staind
(By breach of sacred lawes wee first ordain'd)
Cause thy robustious troopes retire, and cease
T'incense them further 'gainst high heauens peace

Deſiſt from hoſtile armes (impietie)
Of making brother gods thine enemy;
But if thou needs wilt venter, be no more
A pow'r Diuine, but ſome wilde ſauage Bore:
Muſt Gyant race enioy a ſecond light,
And once againe outbraue in Martiall fight
Th'vnconquer'd gods? Fye *Pluto*: do not thus
Attempt a Warre ſo ſacrilegious,
And headlong caſt thy Maieſtie, forbeare;
(If Marriage be the cauſe; or if thou feare
Leſt *Ioue* deny thee iſſue) mildly proue
Great *Iupiter*: firſt let him heare thy loue.
Pluto heares *Lachęſis*: and though his rage
Were ſuch, as her faire ſpeech could ſcarce aſſwage;
Yet when the loftie loue ſtrooke god, might ſee,
The Siſters both to her ſoft prayers agree;
The bloud that riſeth in each blacke ſwolne vaine,
He tempereth: the Furies ſtraight proclaime
His alter'd purpoſe, eu'ry Fiend that droopes
To ſee this change, they laſh, and force hels troopes
Retire, thus was this fatall enterprife,
Diſmiſt, and *Pluto* calm'd by Deſtinies.
So bluſt'ring *Boreas* (when with roaring guſt,
And whirle-winde arm'd) he firſt doth lay the duſt;
Then with a ſuddaine and impetuous blaſt,
(Enrag'd) he faine vpon earth's face would caſt;
Thicke ſtormes of hayle eu'n at the inſtant, when
With full ſwolne cheekes he breakes his loathed denne,
And (ſcowring the vaſte ſeas) would cauſe their flouds
Ariſe (to drowne the fields and neighb'ring woods:)
Eu'n then the milder *Aeolus* reſtraines
His force, and keepes him fetter'd in ſtrong chaines.

Pluto commands that subtill *Mercury*
Ioue's sonne (being summon'd to appeare from high)
Approach his presence, and from thence be sent
To tell the gods his Vncles discontent:
The winged messenger without delay
(Swifter then thought) through the dull ayre makes way,
And with his colour'd hat, and charming rod
Forth-with appeares before th'infernall god;
Who, in the darkest Vault of all, fate (plac't
Vpon a blacke rude throne:) so meanly grac't
VVith scepter course; only his visage stout,
The horrour of his Maiestie set out:
Ouer his head hangs vp a dismall Cloud,
Which serues for cloth of state, and now aloud
'Twixt rage and griefe he groans, and faine would speak,
When, at first accent of his words (that breake
Through hearers eares) at their first hideous sound,
The royall palace and moyst chambers round
All shake againe; and at the fearefull note
The triple Porter stops his howling throat:
The three sad riuers at th'vnusuall voyce
Affrighted stand, and stop their murm'ring noise,
All hell was silent; but their king exceeds;
And to his yelling Embassie proceeds.
Ioues high-borne brood, *Cyllenius Mercurie*:
Olde *Atlas* Nephew, common deity:
To heauen and hell: thou, that hast passage free
Through both the Poles, and equall liberty;
Thou, that of all the gods both high and low,
The mysteries and strict comerce dost know:
Fly hence, with speedy wing cut through the winde,
To thy vngratefull Sire thus speake our minde.

VVhat

What right hast thou, or what prioritie,
(Cruel'st of all thy brothers) vnder me?
Say, Fortune, blind with an vnequall hand,
(To merit denying) gaue thee heau'n command?
Yet are these temples honour'd with a crowne,
As well as thine, nor can thy pride beate downe
Our glory; though we want the light of our shafts
Perceiue our strength, when I thy walls assaults
Think'st thou the *Cyclop's* handy worke I feare;
Or those vaine claps that mocke the yeelding ayre?
Cast downe thy darts of thunder, let them strike
Affrighted mortals, we are farre vnlike
To such; Know, *Iupiter*, I keepe my vowe,
And to reuenge my griefes, am sure (though slowe).
VVas't not enough? I then repined not
At Fates, that first to my accursed lot
Gaue this third kingdome, and depriued quite,
(Though satisfied) I neuer sought for light:
Nor wisht bright *Phœbus* might descend so farre
As my sad palace, or the morning starre
Lighten these vaults; when vnto thee the seau'n,
(That make *Charles-wayne* twinkle in spangled heau'n)
And millions more thy glorious state adorne:
Poore I, that all in darknesse sit forlorne
(Discomfortably mournfull) no glad sight
Enioy, but waste in a perpetuall night,
VVhere are no comforts to the eye or eare,
Nothing but noyse, and notes of ghastly feare,
For what harmonious musicke hath hells king? (sing:
Where ghosts keep howling time, whil'st screech-owles
Yet thou that see'st me bare of all reliefe,
(The more to aggrauate my sullen griefe)

Forbidd'st me (spightfull) to envy, and repine
At *Pluto's* wishes, when his Godship hee
Are numberlesse, as the sea-god happie is,
(Though lesse in power then I) and hath more blisse,
That when the raging billowes he allayes,
Faire *Amphitrite* with her *Neptune* playes
And he (intangled in her love embrace)
Forgets the rule of his thunder-footed race,
When thou in midst of *Tytan's* scorching heate,
With labour of thy thunder-claps dost sweate
To coole the aire, and with moist drops of raine,
And (weary of thy toyle turn'st backe againe)
Incestuous *Iunoes* in longing state
With open lap her Lord to entertaine,
Latona, Ceres, Thamis (each of which
Sufficient were) but all of these, enrich
Thee, with the name of father, and thy seate
Keepe still with hopefull successors repleate:
Thus thou, in lustfull ryot (varying)
Liu'st at thine ease, whil'st I (thy brother king)
In darkest dungeon (like a slaue) am voyde
Of those delights, with which thou most art cloid:
And thus my prime of youth doth fade, and pride
Of issue, failes; (by wanting a lou'd Bride)
But come reuenge, awake dull patience,
(Suffice long pardon for so iust offence)
By all the shades of night, by all the Ghosts
That houer o're blacke *Styx*, by all the hosts
Of dreadfull horror, mischiefe vengeance dire,
If *Iupiter* denie this last desire;
The walls of *Tartarus* shall open wide
(Thorough whose breach) the soules that there abide

(Condemn'd to suffer such) shall fully out
And hast thy vnknowne high confused rout
('Mongst whom) shall neuer
The golden age from hence
(This sayd) the Dame rod
Gaue respit.
Meane while ascends
And tells his
The god, vnto
Gaue strict attention,
In his diuine breast, what would be
Of such a marriage, she
(Of all the goddesses) to
In lieu she may be
And (like a Iudge
At length resolu'd) his former
One only child the goddesse
One daughter, which doth make her mother glad:
For though *Bacchus* blesse her with no more,
Yet is she happy in this fruitfull store:
This serues for many, and the want supplies
That second birth her barren wombe denies.
This (as her deare delight and delicate)
She often hugges, still tends, and from her sight
She neuer let's her part: no Heifer young
Or first yeeres Calfe, (that other beasts among
Scarce presseth the soft grasse with wanton tread,
Nor horned Muones, yet peepe from curled head;)
The lowing Dangine (that by chance doth misse)
(Finding) doth giue so many a lacking kisse.
The Virgin faire was growne now ripe and neare
To *Hymens* rites, a chaste and shamefull feare

Breeds

Breeds in her breſt new flames vnlow ſhe deſires
(One while) to marrie; then againe loues fires
Deſpitefully ſhe quenches; thats, his mind
Eu'n in a moment, makes her coole and kinde;
To loue, and not to like; which myſterie
Is caus'd by feare, that beares the maſtery
Ouer her will (her will that oft doth call
Her paſſions vp) but feare ſtraight layes them all.
Now ſtore of ſuters throng and each gins ply
Old *Ceres*, for her daughter (cunningly)
Two great Competitors, with equall ſtrife
Contend, to haue the louely Mayd to wife:
Mars with his ſhield, *Apollo* with his bowe
And ſhafts, their greatneſſes alike both ſhewe.
Both offer a round earneſt for their loues;
Yet neithers ſuite the yellow *Ceres* moues.
Nor though proud *Iuno* and *Hesione* too
Speake for their ſonnes and (feuerally woo)
VVould ſhe conſent: but (as a mother kind
In her owne thoughts) and with fond paſſion blind:
(Vnwitting future rape) her too too deare,
She ſought to hide from thoſe ſhe leaſt might feare.
And thus (deſcending from *Olympus* high,
With her faire *Proſerpine*) both ſecretly
At fruitfull *Scicile* arriue; and there,
The carefull mother in a iealous feare,
Viewes the rich Iſland, and the Sea that round
Doth ring-like compaſſe, and its fertile ground,
Sprinkle; th' vnknowing goddeſſe ſtraight conceiues
The place for purpoſe fitting, and ſo leaues
Her daughter to it's charge: thus neither ſhe,
Nor it, foreſawe th'enſuing prodigie.

Scicile

Sicilia once the Continent did touch,
And made a part of *Italy*, till, such
Was the Seas rage, and *Nereus* swelling pride,
As did the firme land seuer and diuide:
He with his subtill art, and puissance stout
The confines broke, and cut those mountaines out,
Which, to the little land did there remaine,
Contiguous were; now (parted from the maine)
He bathes them with his waues, yet men may see
'Twixt both the Lands a knowne affinitie.
The *Promonteries* that are seene from farre,
Pachinus high, and *Lilibeum* are
On which the waues that (brauing play) let flee
Their force, and make continuall batterie:
Pachinus shewes vnto th' *Ionian* Sea
His lofty head; the top of *Lylibe*
Lookes to the *Libian* Coast, from whence (in vaine)
The waues driues through his armes, which (as a reine
And bridle serue t'abate and curbe their pride
And roaring noyse:) when *Thetis* to abide
Disdaineth there, and from the *Thuscane* shore,
Her waues vpon *Pelorus* beate much more.
These *Promonteries* three, at first the Ile
(*Sicilia* now) *Trinacria* did stile:
In midst of which *Aetna* of old renowne
(For burning rockes) so high his flaming crowne
Lifts; that the *Promonteries* (which before
Did Gyants seeme) like Dwarfes his height adore:
Aetna, true witnesse of *Briareus*
His folly, and of bold *Enceladus*
The Tombe and bonefire, where, he liues in death,
And spits forth fire with brimstone poysning breath

The Mountaines load, there, keeps him priſoner faſt,
That when the weighty burden off to caſt
He (groaning) ſtriues, and to his vtmoſt ſtraines
To quit his rebell necke from yoke and paines;
The poore Inhabitants he maketh feare
(By often ſhaking) leſt ſome Earth-quake there
Should roote the Iſland vp, and ſo, her towrs,
And walles, the violence of Seas deuours:
This Mountaines top, is only to the eye
Of mortals ſubiect; ſo you may deſcrie
The ſmoke and flames, but neuer hath it yet
Been trampled on by any humane feet:
With ſtately Groues and Trees, the lower part
Is deckt, that ne're were planted there by Art;
The vpper, commonly with miſty fogge
Staines the Sun-beams, and dayes cleere light doth clog
With pitchy Clouds, which (laſting vntill night)
Aſcend the Firmament, and dayes cleere light
Conuert to darkneſſe; ſtill the flames increaſe
Is nouriſht (though the mountaines ſelfe decreaſe.)
In midſt of boiling heate, the ſnow doth fall
Vpon the top, and neuer melts at all:
It ſnowes vpon the Mountaine, and that heate
Which burneth there (albeit ne're ſo great)
The ſnow it ne're offends, whoſe inward cold
Condenſeth it, and if diſſolue ſome ſhould,
(By reaſon of hot vapors that ariſe)
Yet moſt vpon the top congealed is,
Or neuer lower falls: but that which breeds
The greateſt admiration, and exceeds
All common wonder, is the noyſe within
The hollow Cliffes, that doth neuer linne

It's raging, whether cauſed by the wind,
That ſtopt in *Aetnas* bowels faine would find
A paſſage out, and cannot, till it breake
With ſpeedy motion through ſome open creake
Of the torne rockes, till when, it rumbles there;
Or elſe the greedy Sea, whoſe armes doe teare
The Mountaines boſome, and the brackiſh waues
Mingling with fires in thoſe hot ſulfrous caues
Within, and wanting meanes to ſally thence,
Adde matter to the broiling violence
And noyſe; vncertaine whether of the twaine
It is, but one may be the reaſon plaine.
Diuineſt *Ceres* now moſt confident
Of the ſure Iſland (to whoſe charge ſhe lent
And left her deareſt pledge) without all feare
Or leaſt ſuſpicion of her danger neere,
To *Phrigia* poſteth, and amaine doth hie
To her tow'r foundreſſe mother *Cybele*.
By ſixe fierce Dragons, that (taile wheeling round
With writhed limbes) her chariot lift from ground,
She carri'd is, and ſnatcht into the ayre,
From whence her ſpeedy flight (they ſwift) prepare,
And, breaking through the clouds, that giue them way,
Them leaue behind; and (poſting) lead away
With giddy gallop, the free raines they beare
Vpon their lofty creſts (bemoiſtned were
With foamie froth) which on their golden ſcales
They caſt, and doubly ſpot their winged ſailes:
One while the middle Region they diuide,
And ſoare aloft; then ſuddainly they ſlide
Downe to the earth, and ſlacking of their flight,
The Chariots golden wheeles they couer (white)

With hoarie duſt: their Miſtris (as ſhe goes)
Her bountie caſts, and plenteouſly beſtowes
O're all the fields: the very tract and path
(Made by her wheeles) ſufficient plentie hath
Of rip'ned eares; which (as ſhe paſſeth on)
Cloath all the fields and wayes they run vpon
VVith golden habit. Thus behind her quite
Aetna ſhe leaues, and th'Iſland out of ſight,
Till (looking backe with her preſaging eies;
And moiſt'ned cheekes) the palace ſhe eſpies
VVhere ſhe her daughter left; then with freſh teares
She doubles her prognoſticating feares
(As doubtfull of the fatall accident)
And thus the hard miſhap would faine preuent
(By courting the faire Iſland) Deareſt Earth,
Bleſt Soyle (ſaith ſhe) farwell: my firſt, laſt birth,
I leaue vnto thy charge; looke well to her,
Be thou her guardian ſafe, ſince I preferre
Thee before other places: as thy care
Shall ſpeed, the mindfull *Ceres* will not ſpare
For thy reward: be ſure of this before,
The cruell Spade ſhall neuer wound thee more;
Nor rugged Clowne (when he thy fields will ſowe)
Shall once, with crooked tooth of deluing plow,
Teare vp thy fruitfull entrailes; thou ſhalt make
Glad husbandmen to wonder, and forſake
The vſe of toyling Oxen, and ſharpe Goad,
VVhen (of their owne accord) thy fields ſhall load
Their Barnes; and (for thy ſeaſonable fruit)
Their ſtore-houſe, neighb'ring lands ſhall thee ſalute.
This ſaid, her Dragons haſte, and ſhe arriues
Vpon Mount *Ida*, where *Cybele* liues:

Her Temple, there, with marble statue stands,
(That worshipt is by many a pear'd hands,
Couer'd with thickest boughes of blazing Pine)
That seldome subiect is to stormes or winde:
The furious Ayre doth seldome lash, or beate
This consecrated Tree to goddesse great;
But (gently whistling mongst the leaues) it beares
And formes soft musicke to the hearers eares:
Within the Temple, nought but dancing is
To *Bacchus*, and confused melodies
Of men, that (with their howling conforts round
Of squeaking Pipes and ruffickle Tabors sound)
Shake *Idas* top; the holy shrines within
The Temple groane (mou'd with the noyse and dinne:)
At sight of *Ceres* all growes hush and still,
The balling Quire, the Drumme and Trumpets shrill
Desist; the *Corybantes* cease to waue
Their glitt'ring blades, the Lions fierce and braue
Are tamed, and their gentlenesse is such,
As they their shaggy maines to euery touch
Submit; the longing *Ceres* enters in,
And by the mother of the gods within
She welcom'd is, that at first entring place
Bowes downe her Towr's to do the goddesse grace.
Ioue from his supreme throne of maiestie
This passage viewes, and his most strict decree
To *Venus* lou'd reuealed, to thee, I will,
(Saith he) o *Cytherea* shew my will
And heauenly pleasures: know, I am resolu'd
That my firme purpose long agoe reuolu'd
In hidden thoughts, doe now it selfe declare,
Be now fulfill'd, that *Ceres* daughter faire

Be giuen to hels blacke king, for Destinies
Do so command, and *Themis* prophecies
Haue thus foretold: the time inuites to this,
Her careleſſe mother farre off wandring is;
Goe then, and to *Sicilia* take thy flight,
That (when bright *Sol*, the mourneſull robe of night
Diſplayes, and clads the fields in gorgeous ray)
Entice thou maiſt the mayd, to ſport and play
In *Flora* walkes; that (when thy skill is tri'd,
Pluto may ſeyze vpon his lovely Bride:
Vnfitting' twere (ſince all the gods, and me
Thou burn'ſt) the lower kingdomes ſhould be free.
No, no; let fell *Erynnis* feele thy flame,
And *Acheron* acknowledge the great name
Of *Venus*; ſhe gaue eare, and (hauing heard
Her fathers mind) to iourney ſtraight prepar'd:
Pallas and ſhe (that with the horne-bent bowe,
Arcadian Manalus affrights) both goe
(Together) with their ſiſter, for ſo *Ioue*
Commanded had; they out of filiall loue
Their Sire obey, and (taking ſolemne leaue
Of all the gods) them of their ſight bereaue.
Looke how a Comet (ſeldome ſeene) appeares
To vulgar eyes, and fils men with ſtrange feares:
When (ſtreaming o're the world with bloudy light)
It boades vnto the peoples gazing ſight
Some rare euent: (as death of Monarke great,
Or rage of ſickneſs ſpring from Dog-dayes heate:)
That, to the troubling Mariner (at hand)
Threatens huge ſtormes, plagues, famine to the land;
So ſhew'd the ayre vnto this troope diuine
Had made (amazing with it's glorious ſhine)

At length, they *Cæsar* palace had espy'd
And glorious lustre of it's top deseride,
And pinacles; that (to they nearer drew)
The goodly frame they might at leisure view:
(A wondrous worke,) erected first of all
By the blacke lab'ring *Cyclop's*; the high wall
Of hard and strongest *Thracian* Ir'n was made,
The massy posts that sustain'd and stai'd
The weightie building vp, of steele: and wrought
The rest was, with the Metall thither brought
By those industrious *Chalybes*; who found
The first vse of it vnderneath the ground.
Neuer was great *Pyramus* buried more,
Or toyling *Sterops* sweate so much before,
As ('bout this curious worke:) neuer (till then)
So (puffing, breathlesse) *Vulcans* iourny-men
Knocke on their batter'd Anuiles sparkling steele,
(Held by the crooked biting tongs) that steele
Their hammers loade: neuer was huger flame
Rais'd from the weary Fornace, then that same
Which, from the softned masse of metall thence
Arose; nor bellowes, with more violence
Breath'd on the burning Forge. Behold you might
From far, the gates (shining with yuory) white,
The top and battlements that outwardly
Appear'd, with siluer and blacke *Ebonie*
Checkt'd; the sollid beames the roofe vphold
VVithin, of brasse; and pillars of pure gold?
Here lowly *Proserpine*, with melting tone,
Sat, to her dying honour (all alone)
VVarbling a swan-like farewell: for, she meant
VVith worke in hand, and needle, to present

Vnto

Vnto her Mother (whom she longs to see
And still expects) her painefull industrie
Drawne out in curious Samplers; and so thought,
(In vaine) to frame a robe of it (being wrought)
There she her fathers kingdome first began
In liuely colours to paint out; and than
Foure Elements (each in their order plac't)
With cunning hand she flourisht, and so grac't
The patterne with her skill, you could not know
Whether the fire were burning there or no:
Somewhat beneath (in region cleere and faire)
She figur'd had the fresh and liuely aire,
And next, the water, where she often makes
A period to her handy-worke; and takes
Fresh silke to tired her needle, for she here
Had much adoe to make the Sea appeare
In all his formes; the waues she to the life
Describes, and set out their tumultuous strife:
The waters were with purple wrought, the shore
With *Emeralds* and Pearles all shadow'd o're;
Behold you might the sedge and greenish weed
Flote from the Rockes (as if they there did breed
Where she had plac't them) with such Art conceiu'd,
That warie Pilots well might be deceiu'd
In viewing them; then forth a different skeine
Of silke she sorts, and fresh to worke againe
Begins, those sands, the brackish waters drinke:
Those sands; so like, that lookers on would thinke
They heard the Seas hoarse murmure; last of all,
To th'earth she comes; yet (for th'originall
Was but a dull piece, and grosse element)
Lesse labour in describing that she spent:

Only

Only ſome greene and yellow would beſtow
Vpon the fields and flowr's that in them grow:
And (for variety) amongſt the reſt,
That of *Narciſſus* ſtory ſhe expreſt;
Where (oppoſite) the new transformed Roſe,
The thorne-prick't goddeſſe loue to *Adon* ſhowes.
(Theſe *Elements* thus finiſht to her mind)
Fiue diff'rent *Zones*, each in a ſeu'rall kinde
And quality ſhe notes, a crimſon thred
The middle woue (flaming all fiery redde
Inhabitable) on both ſides of that
She plac't the other two, more temperate:
The two moſt cold (as needleſſe to be drawne)
She prettily thus figur'd in the Lawne.
Wherein ſhe work't; (a ſpace there left) and ſo
The Samplers white alone expreſt their ſnow.
Next to her Vncles palace ſhe deſcends,
(Proportioning his Furies, Fates and Fiends;
But here ſhe ſtopp't: for (looking on her worke,
As if ſome ominous euent did lurke
Vnder theſe diſmall Pictures) from her eyes
Teares (forming pearles) dropt on the Deſtinies:
And (weary of that ſad taske) ſhe began
To ſort new colours to the Ocean;
VVhoſe Cryſtall winding ſtreames, ſhe there drew out
Vpon the vtmoſt border of her clowt.
But ſuddainely the hinges of her dore,
With creaking noyſe were turn'd, and her before
The goddeſſes ſhe ſpies, ſo all in haſte
Th'imperfect worke and robe ſhee from her caſt;
With maiden bluſh and fearefull modeſtie,
Vpon her ſiluer cheekes a skarlet dye

She ſpradde; vnlike to this, the *Lydian* Dame
With *Tyrian* purple ſpots her yu'rie frame;
Now *Phœbus* diu'd into the weſt, and night
With lazie Carre, and dulneſſe doth intuite
The world to reſt; whil'ſt *Pluto* warn'd by *Ioue*
His iourney plot's, and conqueſt of his loue.
And loe, th'vnſeene Commandreſſe, ſecretly,
Of fearefull wagon; to her axletree,
The harneſt thongs, and coupled horſes ties
Horſes, that, on the filth and ſcumme which riſe
From bottome of *Cocytus*, feede: that graze
In fields of *Erebus* and hels blacke laies,
When (drunke with *Lethe*) vp into the world
Obliuion from their frothy mouthes is hurl'd.
Orphneus (ſhaking his vnruly head)
And *Aethon* (ſwift as flight) together tread
And (trampling in th'infernall eotrie) beate
Each fire ſtrucke flint from it's vnpaued ſeate:
Nicteus, with his ſtaring maine, the beſt
Of *Stygian* brood, with braue *Alaſtor* dreſt
And ready harneſt; both together ſtand
And (rear'd on end) *Alectos* ſterne command,
With ſcornefull neighing mocke: (full of diſdaine)
The cole black foure, ſcarcely themſelues containe
Within hell gates (madde) on their maſters prize
Which he expects, vpon the mornes vprize.

Finis Libri Primi.

THE

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the Second Booke.

Proſerpina ſuſpectleſſe of her woes
with Venus, Pallas, *and* Diana *goes*
To Ætna, on whoſe skirts the morning howr's
They ſpend, and crowne their temples with his flowr's:
Pluto *his prey doth ſnatch; the goddeſſes*
Pallas *and* Dian, *followe to releaſe*
Their Sister: Ioue *his clowdie ſonne deſcends,*
That with loud triumph downe to hell deſcends.

BY this, the ſable vaile of night, from farre
Vnſprad; and *Phœbus* in his golden Carre,
Prickes on the fiery Steeds, that force their way
And make new breach thorow th' *Ionian* Sea,
Whil'ſt (day yet mask't in night) his flaring beames,
Play with the waues, and mocke the blue gods ſtreames,
About this morne peepe moment, the loſt mayd
Loſt, for ſhe now by *Venus* was betrayd,
(Vnmindfull of her mothers ſtrict command)
For who can ſtricter Deſtinies with-ſtand?

Boldly awakes, forgets all feare or doubt,
And to the dewy fields she sallies out:
Out went she, but no sooner tripped o're
The humble threshold, when her creaking dore,
With turned hinge thrice squeak't; as if it meant
To warne her from the desperate attempt.
Thrice it presag'd, thrice (guilty of her fate)
The neighbouring *Aetna* groan'd: but ah, too late!
For headlong will of woman, now, in her,
Rebellion nourished 'gainst iuster feare.
Out went she, and with her the sisters three,
Those goddesses, that bore her companie;
First iocund *Venus* hugg'd with her deceit,
Glad, that the houre for which she long did wait
Drew neere; but gladdest that her pow'rfull skill
Could draw the pow'rs infernall to her will.
The smooth-comb'd locks, that (on her golden head
She weares) part (like two skeines) and as in thread
Intangled, some crumples vp: so shee
Some longer wore, some crispt and curled bee;
In a rich purple mantle was she clad,
O're which, a belt (her sweating husband had
Fram'd in his Forge) she cast, which kept it on,
Buckled ther'to with a rich Orient stone:
Next *Venus* march't *Liceus* beautious queene:
She (whom th' *Arcadian* Swaines full oft haue seene
Fell their wilde Bores; and she) whose stately lance
Pandions Towr's protects, who doth aduance
The Cities Trophies: this, in strife and iarre
Bestirres her selfe (best pleas'd with bloudy warre.
The other (a bold huntresse) loues to fright
The wildest beasts that tremble at her sight.

Caru'd

Caru'd on a golden Helmet, *Pallas* bore
Huge *Typhons* picture, (whom she long before
Slew in *Ioues* quarrell:) *Typhons* vpper part
Is dead, the lower liuing; so in part
He liues, part dyes, that monstrous bulke of his,
Halfe man, halfe serpent, vpward, down-ward is
In her right hand a mighty speare she wields,
That tow'rs vp to the sky, no wood that yeelds
A tree so tall; and in her left hand, grac't
With dazling shield was vgly *Gorgon* plac't,
Crown'd with a head of snakes, whose visage grim
And killing looke, she with a vaile keepes in.
Dian appeares in a more mild aspect,
More louely, and in euery respect
So like her brother, that each siluer ray,
(Vpon her glorious head) shin'd it (by day)
Were *Phœbus* selfe: whose light, whose eminence
She bore (Sex only breeding difference)
Her azure plumpe vein'd armes discouered bare,
And careless locks playd with the gentle aire.
Th'vnbended bowe now gaue her sinewes rest,
And at her backe the shafts in quiuer rest:
A short loose garment that she (fastned) weares
With double girt, scarce from her knee appeares;
On whose light ground (vnmatched to behold)
The wandring *Delos* floats in seas of gold:
With these, the ioy of *Ceres*, her deere child,
But soone, neere griefe, keepes equall pace in field,
Equall in limbes and honour, and might seeme
Either of both; for euery one would deeme
He saw a goddesse, and would thinke her so,
Bore she but *Pallas* shield, or *Phœbus* bowe:

Her gather'd garment faſtned with a knot
By ſmootheſt *Iaſper* was; and ſhe was not
Inferior to the Siſters nor their skill,
For ſhe could couzen Natures ſelfe (at will)
With art, which neuer happ'lier was ſhowne,
Then in the rare beſtowing of her combe,
On thoſe two golden fleeces, that adorne
Her wel-ſhap't head: where they ſo cu'n were worn
That not the fineſt thred in loome of Lawne
Agreed, or could more equally be drawne:
Th'Imagery in ſilkes ſo liuely wrought
On her looſe robe, might pleaſe the very thought
Of nice beholders; who, when they ſhould ſee
Theſe pictures, and would iudge them but to bee,
Inanimate dead trunkes, might *Proſerpine*
Pricke them but tongues, they'd ſpeake and be diuine.
The bults ſhe workt were of a goddeſſe breed,
(Reſembling Sunne and Moone *Hyperions* ſeed)
But in their ſhapes ſhe faſhion'd different quite,
Theſe two great Captaines of *Aurora*'nd Night:
Such, as when *Thetis* (they but tender, young,
Short breathed Infants) with a Nurſe-like ſong
Rock't ſleepe into their cradles, and doth take
To her warme lappe thoſe ſucklings when they wake;
Tytan, thus weake: (in his minoritie)
Dimme lighted, and not clamber'd vp ſo high
(As now) with mounting wing; in which firſt age
Men faine him mild, and free from ſcorching rage:
Thus, feeble *Tytan*, at his Dammes right ſide
Lay panting; and as often as he cry'd,
(For wantonneſſe) ſo euer and anon
It ſobb's, and ſpits a gentle fire, vpon.

The louing Mother; who to ſtill and reſt,
Turnes to his ſiſter her left ſide and breſt:
From whence, and at her Criſtall dugge, ſhe drinks
That milke-ſweet liquor, whil'ſt her Sire bethinks
Him of the younglings: and the prettie Moone
Viewes in the Mothers arme, vnto her ſoone;
He (ſporting) calls, the wayward babe, that ſhowes
With one eye turned vpward, that it knowes
Nought but the dugge and *Thetis*, all elſe ſcornes,
Mockes him (kind father) with her little hornes.
In ſuch great pompe, glitt'ring attire, ſhe went:
The *Naides* (on both ſides of her) bent
In friendly troope, to wait and beare her traine,
Compaſſe her round, each ſtroue to be moſt faine.
Thoſe *Nymphes Crymniſus*, which thy fountaine cleere
And thine *Pantagias* (whoſe ſwift courſe doth beare,
And headlong rowle downe rocks:) do famous make
That Riuer too from whence *Gela* doth take
The Cities name, and they (ſlow *Camarine*)
Which in thoſe fennie ſhallow lakes of thine
Are nouriſhed; thoſe that in Cryſtall brooke,
And ſtreames of *Arethuſa*, all forſooke
Their loued homes; and to make full the feaſt
Alpheus ſends his Nymphes, and mongſt the reſt
That there attend in gratefull companie,
None did excell the faireſt *Cyane*.
So *Amazones* in a triumphant band
With ſloped ſhields march through the foe-mans land:
When man-like braue *Hyppolita*, with ſpoyle
(From *Arſton* hill, laden with goods and royle)
Retires her ſnowy troopes; then, when they ſweate
In bloud of yellow *Scythians*, or beate;

And

And breake with sharpest axe the tougher Ice
That stops the current of swift *Tanais*:
So, the *Maeonian* Nymphes are wont to rise
From *Hermus*, when their vs'd solemnities
They giue to *Bacchus*, on whose festiuall
Each, seuerally, and then, together, all
Vpon their fathers gold swolne bankes run mad,
Frisking about: the aged riuer (glad)
Sits in his denne, and as their want he viewes
VVater in plenty from moist vrne renewes;
No sooner had flow'r-bearing *Aetna* spi'd,
And from his heatby top farre off descri'd
The sacred people; when milde *Zepherus*
He forceth with entreates, and vrgeth thus:
Thou grateful (wisht for father) of the Spring,
That 'bout my medowes (with lasciuious wing)
Fly'st, and there reign'st, that with perpetuall blast
Bedew'st the ground, mak'st it with freshnesse last:
Looke yonder, looke vpon those Nymphes that play
('Mongst whom) the thund'rers plants to sport this day,
Daigne midst my walkes; be thou propitious,
Be present with thy odoriferous
Sweet flowr's, now to their fulnesse blow them forth,
Ripen the blossomes and those sprouts of worth,
That fertile *Hybla* may at length confesse
(But enuie) that her fruitfulnesse is lesse.
VVhat euer sents the drie *Arabia*
Breathes from her spices on the morning grey;
VVhat odours flatt'ring sence *Hydaspes* sends
From farre; what ere the rare bird (that extends
Her flight to swartie *Indians* (there can find
That (though she want a mate) can raise her kind

From

From her owne death and ashes, and renewes
Past yeeres with youth: sweet *Zephirus* infuse
The summe and all into these veines, and blow
With fullest cheeks: cherish these fields, that so
I may deserue the touch diuine, and pure
Of goddesse finger; and so farre allure
Those heau'nly pow'rs, they may be couetous
To weare our flowry garlands on their browes:
Here *Aetna* stopt, when straight the West-wind threw
Shak't (from his madid wings) a *Nectar* new
On the dry turfes, and ioines the clefted earth,
Begets in it a second fruitfull birth:
Where e're he flies a Spring of *Aprill* show'rs
Followes; the ground swels vp with hearbs and flow'rs,
Which with their load (the moisture quickly spent)
Bend downe againe, and (fading) lose their sent.
This place he clotheth with the bloud-bright Rose,
That, with young *Hyacinthus*, there bestowes
The purple-painted (neere blacke) Violet.
What belt on *Parthian* King was euer set
In richer Iemmes? what more varietie
In fleeces spotted with *Assyrian* dye?
The Bird of *Iuno* in his greatest pride,
Shewes but dull eyes (with these faire colours tride:)
Not so (when watrish winter doth begin)
The Raine-bow crownes him with oft varying,
When streaking the pale Sunne with redder fire (cleere;
The moystned tracke, through clouds dispers't shewes
The place exceeds the flowers: for a plaine
Here crooking swels; there, seemes to rise againe
In hillockes soft, till, farther it becomes
A hill, where from a liuely punice runs

A bubling Spring, which growes into a Brooke,
From which it's moiſture the dew'd graſſe doth ſucke;
For (as the Snake-like ſtreame winds in and out)
It ſnares the hearbes and flow'rs round about:
The Woods coole leaues here ſerue for ſummers ſhade,
(By whoſe thicke boughes VVinters cold froſt's allayd)
Where growes the Firre, the hard ſtrong Cherrie-tree
For ſhips, for bowes (in warre) that fitteſt be:
Ioues loued Oke, young, and in vig'rous heat,
The old, with luſcious hony-combes repleat:
The mournfull Cypreſſe couering ſepulchre,
And Bay preſaging Lawrel tree grew there:
The thicke-topt, ſpreading, criſped Boxe, (whoſe weight)
Doth make it waue, and totter from it's height;
The Serpent-like ſlow Yuie, and the Elme
Lac't with the Vine, makes it with Grapes o're-whelme.
A Lake which the *Sicilians*, *Pergus* name,
Was neere at hand; and to adorne the ſame,
A rowe of well-plac't trees begirt it round,
Whoſe ſilent water (free from noyſe or ſound)
Looke, pale, and ſuffers the beholders eyes
(Vnhurt) to ſearch the bottomes ſecreſies.
The traine be'ing here arriu'd they ioy and ſport
To ſee the flowry Country, to exhort,
Thus, *Cytherea*, them begins: Come, come,
Siſters, and gather till the morning Sunne
Drie the ayres ſweat, whil'ſt yet my *Lucifer*
(Mounted on dewy Courſer) euery where
Waters the yellow fields: ſo, hauing ſpoke,
She firſt began to plucke a flow'r, firſt tooke
The badge of her old griefe, then each doth ſtriue
And fall to worke; as when of Bees a Hiue

Snat-

Snatches the sweets of *Hybla* Tyme; or when
Their Leaders with an Army (as 'mongst men)
Remoue their waxen tents: or, when they creepe
From hollow Beeches wombe, and (swarming) sweepe
The dustie ayre; when (swolne with their cropt store)
(Buzzing) they seeme to grumble yet for more.
So they made hauocke of the flow'rs, and spoile
Of all their glory, in a moments toyle.
The Lilly to the darker Violet
One weaues; another in her brest doth set
The soft-sweet *Mariorane*; a third must goe
Starre-deckt with Roses; this in diff'ring showe
Prankes vp her selfe with Priuet white, and thee
They gather, and thy weeping Tragedie
(Poore *Hyacinth*) renew; nor doe they spare
Narcissus (both of you now branches rare
Of the fresh spring, and in your liues, the loyes
Of Nature, two most excellent sweet boyes)
Thee the tiles errour strooke, but thee, thine owne;
When in the fountaine that selfe-loue was knowne:
Apollo, with sad brow thy losse laments;
At thine *Cephisus* broken reed relents:
Proserpina, more greedy then the rest
(Most hot vpon the spoile) culs out the best,
And stuffes her *Osier* baskets full; that smile
To see their Mistris the poore fields beguile
Of their rich habit; she with garlands crownes
Her temples (ignorant of fate) that frownes
Vpon the wreath she weares (propheticall
Swiftly fore-running the blacke Nuptiall)
The warlike Goddesse, her right hand, that scowres
The lustie troopes, that teares downe walls and towres,

Giues to an easier taske; layes by her speare
Her glist'ring shield (vnus'd such toyes to beare)
She teacheth now the garland to embrace,
Her steele-topp't helmet sweetest garlands grace:
Nor she, that in *Parthenian* Mountaines seekes
With sure nos'd senters after chase, dislikes
The sport, but her licentious lockes keepes d' wne,
And bridles them with a faire garland crowne:
Whil'st thus the scatter'd Virgins pull the flow'rs,
Behold a noyse 'gan bellow, as if two tow'rs
(Falling) had ruth't together, or some Towne
From it's foundations firme had bin cast downe,
The cause none gest, but *Paphos* goddesse: she
Was preinstructed in the mystery,
And had this double passion at her choyse
To feare with them, but inwardly reioice:
And now the rector of the damn'd, below;
Through secret windings bustles to and fro,
To find a way to earth: first doth he fetch
A compasse here and there; then makes a breach
Aloft; his foggy Courfers trample on
Enceladus, that with their weight doth groane,
(The Gyants huge vaste limbes cut by their wheeles)
Addes to the former torments that he feeles;
And lab'ring, with a double yoke, in paine:
(For he beares *Dis* and *Aetna* now) would faine
Finde ease; the wearie Serpents (clinging) stay
Their axletree, the horses force their way,
And scudde along (too swift for them too slacke)
Their fiery wheeles slide from his sulph'rous backe.
And as the close besieger, by degrees
Steales on his mu'd vp foe, that nought foresees,

VVhil'st

VVhil'ſt he (by a laborious countermine
And ſecret) the mockt wals doth vndermine;
Whoſe ſtrength and ſtricter guard none now protect,
(The Conqu'rours entring, where they leaſt expect)
Like to theſe earth-borne men. *Saturnes* third heire
Contriues a paſſage vp to the VVorld's aire
His brothers Orbe, and giues his Steeds free reine
Searcheth through eu'ry corner: but (in vaine)
No gate appeares, huge heapes of rokes and ſtones
Damme vp his paſſage eu'ry where; not once
Diſcou'ring light, as purpoſely to keepe
The god cloſe pris'ner in that dungeon deepe;
But he (enrag'd) brook't no delayes, and ſtraight
Aduanc't his beamy ſcepter, with whoſe weight
He breakes the Rocks; teares the reſiſting ground,
The blow caus'd all *Sicilia's* Caues reſound,
And Riuers rore; th'adiacent Iſlands ſhake,
Amazed *Vulcane* ſuddaine flight doth take,
(Leauing his forge) the trembling *Cyclop's* hide
Their fearefull heads, and caſt *Ioues* bolts aſide;
The poore cold dweller on ſteepe *Appenine*,
And frozen paſſengers, that ſlowly climbe
The hoary *Alpes*, amazed ſtand, and doubt
Of ſome new broile 'twixt *Ioue* and *Gyant* rowt:
Thoſe that (along thy ſtreames) with naked limbe
Perpetuall trophie bearing *Tyber*, ſwimme,
And thoſe that to thy current famous *Po*
Launch out their little barkes, heard that great blowe:
So when (on lower Plaines of *Theſſalie*)
A ſtanding poole (by rockie Mountaines high
Inclos'd) denies vnto the mariſh ground
Tillage; and paſture to the medowes drown'd;

Till angry *Neptune* with his *Tridents* pikes,
Pierceth high *Ossa*, and cold *Olympus* strikes,
Whose wounded sides open a passage wide,
At which th'imprison'd waters (loos'ned) slide,
The Floods vnto the Sea, and drier land
Restored are, vnto the Husbandman.
No sooner was Earths knotty vaile vndone
(By *Pluto*) when *Trinacria* begun
To spread her large and op'ning wombe; and now
A suddaine fright, vpon the pallid brow
Of heau'n appeares; the stars vnus'd to stray
From their first course, seeke an vncertaine way:
The two celestiall Beares that shone so bright
In the forbidden Sea dash their dimme light.
Lazy *Bootes* feare doth headlong cast,
Orion trembles, *Atlas* stands aghast
At hels Iades neighing, whose breath, misty steams
Obscure heau'ns face, and *Phœbus* golden beams;
His radiant brightnesse in the beasts doth breed
A suddaine terror, for they vse to feed
Perpetually in darknesse: now by fits,
Betwixt their teeth they catch the champed bits,
And (winding sidelong) their Coach beame would turne
Backward to hell, and *Chaos* to returne.
But when they once the Tarry whip perceiue
Lash their blacke buttockes, quickly then they leaue
Their strife; and (forc'd to the new light) depart
Swifter then winter floud, or *Parthian* dart:
The violence of *Southerne* stormes is slowe
To their quicke pace, that nimblest thoughts outgoe:
The reines grow hot with their ranke bloud, and breath
From fornace of their nostrils sends pale death

Into

Into the purer ayre: their froth, vpon
Th'vntroden ſands leaues ſtrong infection.
The Nymphs all fled, ſaue *Proſerpine*; (who caught
And ſnatcht into the Chariot) beſought
The goddeſſes with ſcreaking loud for ayde;
Pallas (that viewes her how ſhe was betrayd)
Diſcouers *Gorgons* viſage; *Delia* too
To her reliefe haſtens the horne-bent bowe:
Nor giue they way vnto their Vncle, for
Ioint Charitie incites them to this warre,
Virginity in them and *Proſerpine*
(Alike) exaſperates the fault and crime
Of the bold rauiſher; he keepes his way
(Feareleſſe:) as when the Lion makes a prey
On ſome young Steere the beauty of the ſtall
And herd, when with his pawes beſmeared all
In bloud, he diues into the naked breſt
Vntill his rau'nous hunger there ſuppreſt,
Quarters out more, at length his appetite
Quite ſlak't (with ſtaring gaze that would affright)
He careleſſe ſtands, ſhaking his knotted maine
(As if the Herdſmans threats hee did diſdaine.)
Thou ruler of the ſluggiſh Orbe, thou worſt
(Quoth *Pallas*) of thy brothers; thou accurſt:
What Furies with their whips and brands profane
Haue moou'd thee? that (thy kingdome left in vain)
Thou dar'ſt pollute the earth: Away, begone:
Chuſe 'mongſt thy *Diræ* a Companion
Worthy thy bed; thy brothers kingdome leaue
And doe not others of their lot bereaue:
Backe to thy night, why mingleſt thou the dead
To liuers? why (a ſtranger) doſt thou tread

Vpon

Vpon our Globe? She thus exclaimes, and wounds
The horn-hoof'd steeds (making them keep their bounds
With her opposed shield) they stoppe, and shee
With vprear'd launce was readie to let flee
Against the Chariot, had not Heauens King
(In signe of Truce) bow'd his red thund'ring Wing
(Acknowledging his sonne) and from aboue
The gaping Clouds, doth *Hymen* reapproue
Th'eternall Knot; and with their blazing light,
His flames, are witnesses to *Pluto's* right:
The Goddesses forbore, *Cinthia* her Bow
Vnbends, but addes these words vnto her woe.
Be mindfull (ah farewell) the iust respect
Of father, hath deni'de vs to protect
Thy person, nor can wee in armes withstand
Him, that inflicts on vs his dread command:
Thy Sire is bent against thee, thou must goe
Vnto those silent people (there below;)
(Alas poore Virgin) and shalt neuer see
Thy sisters more, nor equall companie.
What fate? what fortune from aboue thee bears
(Dooming the starres vnto perpetuall teares)
No more my Nets shall 'bout *Parthenian* Caue
Be spred, no more will I my Quiuer haue;
And now securely may the wilder Boare
Foame, and the raging Lyon freely roare:
Taygetus and *Arcadia* shall bewaile
Thee; when my hunting them begins to faile,
Sad *Cynthus* will bemoane thy destinie,
And *Delfo's* Oracle must silent be:
Whil'st thus she mournes, the wofull *Proserpine*
(Her loose haire scatter'd to the Southerne wind)

In

(In swift-drawne Chariot wringing her soft hands
On sorrow-beaten breast) these vaine demands
Powr's against heauen: why? ah why (quoth she)
Didd'st thou not (father) cast thy darts at me
By hands of *Cyclops* made? and not expell
Thy daughter hence in dismall shades to dwell?
No loue of father? could no pittie moue
What fault of mine hath thus incenst great *Ioue*?
When *Phlegra* rag'd in suddaine tumults, I
No Banner waued 'gainst their enemy,
The gods; nor then by strength of mine at all
Did frosty *Olympus* on cold *Ossa* fall:
What mischiefe haue I practis'd? of what fault
Made guilty? am I banisht to hells Vault,
Vaste op'ning iawes? happy, oh happy they,
VVhom other Rauishers haue made their prey,
And borne with them! at least in their annoy
The common light, the Sun-shine such enioy:
But I; Heau'n, Earth, Virginitie must leaue,
The *Stygian* king doth me of shame bereaue.
Oh ill lou'd flow'rs, mockt Parents counsailes ill,
Sad triall learn't (too late) of *Venus* skill!
My dearest Mother, whether *Lydian* song
In Vale of *Ida*, thee detaine thus long:
Or, whether thou to *Dyndimus* bee'st gone
To bloudy sacrifice, there (looking on
Cybels mad Priests, that with their drawn swords roame
About those hils:) make haste and quickly come
To my reliefe: succour my franticke griefe,
Hold in the loose raines of this cruell thiefe.
He at these words, and seemely mourning grew,
A stronger melting passion to renew;

And with his fonny gagment thus her cearcs
(Temp'ring with mildest voice her easie-leslie feares:)
Cease, sweetest *Proserpine*, to vexe thy minde
With vaine laments, a husband thou shalt find
Worthy thy loue, know, we are *Saturnes* sonne,
That ouer all things beare dominion:
Nor thinke that thou the gladsome day hast lost,
Since we of starres and purer light may boast;
VVhen thou th' *Elisian* brightnesse shalt admire,
And happy soules free from tormenting fire,
VVhere the more precious golden age doth keepe
(In an eternall quiet hu'd asleepe:)
Where *Zephirus*, faire flowr's of richest worth
Breathes out (such as thy *Arena* ne're brought forth)
Where in the shadie Groues a rich tree growes,
Whose arched boughes the golden Apple shewes,
That consecrate I to thee, and will make
A happie lasting Autumne for thy sake:
What ere the liquid ayre, what *Aeolus*
Containes (my louely queene) shall bee for vs,
Earth, Seas and Riuers, all that in them liue,
To thy commands shall their obeisance giue,
The rich-clad purple kings shall humbly fall
Before thy throne (mixt with the poore) for all
Death equals; thou the guilty and vniust
Shalt iudge, with them, the Innocent and Iust,
Those shal bewaile their crimes, these shall be blest
By thee, and sent into eternall rest:
The Destinies vpon thy will shall waite,
And what thou ordereſt be held for fate
Immoueable: (this sayd) they now drew neere
Hell gates, he entertd with vniuall cheere.

Like

Like shaken leaues in lapsles Autumne cast,
From trees to earth by furious Southerne blast,
Or rainie drops in a thicke Cloud congeal'd
By broken vapors cast vp into the lands.
The damned soules in thronging multitude
To view their queene, boldly themselues intrude:
At entrance of his Lords great *Phlegeton*
Ariseth, and from boiling streames vpon
His bristled beard casts moisture, and that fast
All on a flame: the Fiends, each to his place
And seuerall office them addresse; some chuse
To set the Chariot vp, whil'st others loose
Th'vnharnest couples (turning them to graze
On their knowne pastures, blacke *Cocytus* layes:
Part decke the Palace with rich Tapistrie
(Set out with curious wrought Imagerie)
Part dresse the windowes with fresh flow'rs within.
The Nuptiall bed, osiers with Cou'rings trimme:
Th'*Elizian* Matrons round begirt their queene
In a chaste troope (whose tender sorrow seene
By sweet words eas'd) they order her loose haire,
And hide with flaming vaile the flame-like faire.
The Region pale and bleak, warme ghosts now free,
Doe frolicke in triumphant iollity;
(Darke silence interrupted) loud they sing,
And horrid peales with noyse (vndaunted) ring
Hels groues now ceast, and (filth of vgly night
Dispers'd) she's rarify'd with purer light.
Minos no more casts lots, the soules condemn'd
Of their dilated paines now find an end;
No lash resounds; *Ixion* from his wheele
Is loos'ned, and (refresht) doth comfort feele

Poore *Tantalus* the enuious water sippes,
And tast'sthe fruit ere mockt his thirsty lippes:
Tytius vaste limbes are rayſed from the ground,
(Where he nine Acres couer'd) and vnbound,
(The rau'nous Vulture from his panting breſt
Diſſolu'd) laments (as a forbidden gueſt:)
The Furies now forgetfull of their rage,
With ſofteſt notes theirs ſtrict reuenge aſſwage,
Huge goblets they prepare, and drinke a fill
Of wine, in which their monſtrous locks they ſwil;
To the *Ceraſtes* powre carowſes deepe,
(Whil'ſt with new light ſtill burning freſh they keepe
The feſtiuall ſpent Torches:) now, you take
A ſafer flight ouer *Auernus* Lake
(Then erſt) you birds; (till wont to ſacrifice
Your ſelues to vapours thicke that thence ariſe)
(*Amſanctus* current ſwift now ſtops) the noyſe
Ceas't; boiling *Acheron* gan loud reioice,
That his hot waues (turn'd to a fountaine) run
Coole ſtreames of milke, which they had neuer done
Till now; And now *Dityus* flouriſhing
(All clad in Yuie) offers to hells king
A ſtanding Poole, and of *Lynus* ſtore,
Of ſacred liquor. *Atropus* forbore
(In ſigne of triumph now) with cruell hand
Lifes threed to cut: at *Pluto's* dire command
Death ſtops his progreſſe, now no teares are ſpent,
Nor Kindred, Kinſfolks Funerals lament:
The Sea-man ſhapes all ſtormes, the Souldier, he
Securely fights (from ſhot and ſharp pike free:)
Free from contagion healthy Cities are,
Free from the plagues of famine, ſickneſſe, warre:

Old *Charon* crown'd with reeds betwixt each ſhore
Keepes ſinging time with ſtroke of idle Oare:
The Eu'ning *Heſperus* (deſcending) fled
To th'Orbes below: now to her Nuptiall bed
The Virgin's brought, ſtarre-painted night lookes on
As (witneſſe) to the marriage: ſhe, vpon
Them both ſhow'rs happy bleſſings to enſue
From this eternall vnion, and a crew
Of bleſt *Elizian* Saints thus ſweetly ſing,
Preſaging notes to their faire Queene and King.
Our Mother *Iuno*, and of thundriug *Ioue*
(Thou Sonne in lawe, and brother) may all loue
Beget ſoft reſt vnto you both; and knit
Thoſe mutuall neckes in your embraces fit.
A proſp'rous race growes toward now; and glad
Nature expects more gods: oh may you adde
New deities, new pow'rs to hells affaires,
Make *Ceres* Grandam to your wiſhed heires.

Finis Libri Secundi.

THE

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

The Argument of the Third Booke.

Ioue calls a Synode of the gods, reueales
His will: each of them, secretly, conceales
The rape, from Ceres *vnto* Phrigia *gone,*
She dreames, returneth home (her losse being knowne)
'Gainst gods she exclaimes (enrag'd) the world about
Searcheth with lights her daughter to find out.

WHil'st thus triumphs, *Iupiter* aboue (moue,
Commands *Thaumantis* (girt with clowds to
And summon vp the pow'rs of earth and seas,
(Clad all in red) she downeward slides, with ease,
On *Zephires* wings; the gods, the Sea Nymphes all,
And riuers, from their humid dens doth call:
('Twixt feare and doubt they rowse themselues) but muse
What new occasion, or what suddaine newes
Disturbes their quiet rest; and (being come
To heauens starre-Chamber) each their proper rooms
And place prouided haue, with order fit;
In the first ranke the gods Celestiall sit;

And

And in the second, the Sea pow'rs are plac't,
Calme *Nereus*, and aged *Phorcus*, grac't
With comely hoarinesse, (next these, biform'd
Glaucus was set, and *Proteus* (vntransform'd)
In his owne shape: the ancient and great
Riuers were honour'd with a seu'rall seate;
But thousand lesser Brookes (as was most meet
For youth) like common rowt stood on their feet:
The VVater-Nymphes, each, to her liquid Sire
Leanes, and dumbe gazing Fawns, heau'ns stars admire.
Then the graue father from *Olympus* high
Thus spoke, and breathed forth this mysterie:
At length, the care of mans affaires, againe
Solicites me, which, since the lazie reigne
Of idle Saturne long neglected were;
VVhen we perceiu'd how men secure from feare,
Lay steep't and buri'd in my fathers sloth,
Then to giue further suff'rance we were loth:
But (willing to reforme the same in part)
Spurr'd vp inuention, and gaue reines to Art:
Then were we pleased that th' vntilled field
(Lesse liberall) lesse store of Graine should yeeld:
That hony in the woods more scarce should grow,
And wine no more from swelling Fountaines flow:
Not that we enuious were, or basely prone
To pois'nous malice; but, when ouer-growne
VVe plenty saw, and easefull ryot, blind
The light of reason, to diffwade mankind
VVe willing were, dull spirits to reuiue:
That each man might by his owne labour liue,
That, sharpe necessity should then produce
And bring forth arts (to be brought vp by vse.)

But

But Nature vrgeth vs (with ſad complaint)
To eaſe poore man (for ſuch a burden faint)
And (hauing to my charge the Tyrant layd)
VVith former golden age doth vs vpbrayd;
She calls *Ioue*, Miſer, ſayes; that ſhe is franke,
Exclaimes, that we, the fields with thiſtles ranke
And to growe barren, ſuffer: that the yeere
Doth fruitleſſe paſſe.
That ſhe, (who vnto mortals long did vowe
Her ſelfe Kinde mother) is turn'd Stepdame now,
And thus proceeds: what boots it, wretched man
To haue a ſoule (from heauen infus'd) that can
Diſcourſe and reaſon, and his lofty head
Lift vp; if he like beaſts a life muſt lead,
(VVandring with them in the wild woods, to get
The fruit of Swiniſh acorns for his meate?
Is this (ſayth ſhe) to liue? with ſuch diſtaſt
The common mother vrg'd, that we; at laſt
Contented were, ſhe thus much ſhould obtaine,
That from *Chaonian* food her ſonnes abſtaine;
To which effect, we ſolemnly decree:
That, *Ceres*, of her daughters Deſtinie
Witleſſe (who now with her curſt Damme remaines,
Laſhing th'Idean Lyons o're thoſe Plaines)
With wailefull mourning ſearch the world throughout,
Till (hauing in th' end of her pledge found out)
In ſigne of her new ioy (for old griefe paſt)
Huge heapes of harueſt ſhe may from her caſt,
From golden Carre, and ſpread ripe eares of corne
Vpon the fields by her blue Dragons borne.
But liſt, you gods; if any here reueale
The rape of *Proſerpine*; or not conceale

The Rauiſher from *Ceres*, I proteſt
A gen'rall ruine to the peace and reſt
Of things; (be he a ſonne, or ſiſter ſhe,
Or wife of mine, or that deere daughter be
That from my brain-pan boaſts her birth) ſhal feele
The ſtroke of thunder and reuengefull ſteele
Of *Gorgons* fury: and though ſhe muſt liue,
(For deities dye not) yet ſhall ſhe grieue
To haue been borne of heauen, and wiſh for death.
Like puniſhment my vengeance ſhall vnſheath
On any of you (Rjuers) that withſtand
The ſecreſie of this my ſtrict command:
(By me firſt wounded) him, my ſonne in lawe
Repuniſh ſhall; this for a ſacred lawe
Eſtabliſh't ſtand: (this ſayd) and paſt for fate,
The ſtarres were ſhak't, and ſeate whereon he ſate.
And now the apparitions of blacke night,
And fearefull miſchiefe *Ceres* do affright:
Who (abſent from this Synode, and ſecure)
To her ſtill thought could ſweeteſt reſt procure;
But now each moment doth ingeminate
Her doubtfull feares, and vgly night (as fate)
Whiſpers the ſad miſhap of *Proſerpine*,
Who, (in each dreame of hers) ſeemes to decline
More from her priſtine being: eu'ry ſleepe
Of *Ceres*, her vext ſoule in cares doth ſteepe.
So ſtill ſhe groanes in night, and when day comes,
Cold wonderment her ſtupid ſence benummes,
Till next night's fantaſies, in which; a dart,
One while (her ſeemeth) to her daughters heart
Faſt'ned appeares; and (as a horrid ſight)
She loathes her garment chang'd from chaſteſt white:

The

The trees that in her walkes she long did know
Barren, now fresh (she thinkes) and fruitfull growe:
But one (amongst them all) she liked best,
Whose shamefac't leaues seru'd for a shade in rest
To *Proserpine*: the Bay tree that, she sees
Cut from the root, and by strange cruelties
Of art, the boughes lopt off; boughes, that abound
In freshnesse, now ly wither'd on the ground,
And (as she thought) of this great wickednesse
Enquiring, wofull *Driades* expresse
The lamentable Stories; here (say they)
The raging Fiends haue made a bloudy Fray
With hellish axe; and layd the dust along
Thy lawrell greene, fresh feeling of it's wrong.
At length, all circumstances, all disguise
Vnmask'd, poore *Ceres* her ill fortune spies
In her owne child, that now her selfe appeares
Her owne forc't-messenger, wet-visage, cleeres
All wau'ring doubts, which (when the goddesse wakes)
She puts away, and on her, new griefe takes;
For *Proserpine* appear'd, as if she seem'd
Shut in close prison, and her mother deem'd
Her fetter'd with strong shackles, not as she
Was left by her in fruitfull *Sicilie*;
Nor (as the goddesses her found, when they
In *Aetnas* rosie vallies her astray
Did leade, but now; those lockes she might behold
(Whilome surpassing ambar and faire gold
In brightnes) squallid blacke; the sparkling light
Fire of her eyes, extinguisht is by night,
A night of sorrow, and that blushing red
Vpon her cheeke (exhaust with cold) growne dead.

The Rubies, of her well grac't lippes quite ſpent,
And limbes, then ſnow erſt whiter, with the ſent
And colour of hels pitch, defil'd, to view
Of *Ceres*, were ſo ſtrange, ſhe ſcarce her knew:
Yet, ſeeing her ſo chang'd: gods! what a ſight
Is here (ſayth ſhe?) what bitter wofull plight?
What fault? what puniſhments are theſe? what face?
What macerated monſter of diſgrace
Is this? (ſhe addes:) who thus hath pow'r (ſhe cries)
Hath pow'r thus much on vs to tyrannize?
Why beareſt thou theſe bonds, this chaine, vnfit
For wild beaſts? Doe thy ſoft armes merit it?
Art thou (quoth ſhe) my child, or dreame I, art mine?
VVhen the vex't Image of poore *Proſerpine*
Reply'd with terrour: Mother, oh, thou blinde
Mother; oh thou to thy loſt child vnkinde!
Could'ſt thou (more cruell then the Lyons) whom
Thou kept'ſt in awe, ſo long thy comming home
Deferre; and me that was thine only deare,
So long forget, was I deſpis'd? then heare
A dolefull truth, that name of *Proſerpine*
So ſweet to thee; ſo lou'd, ſo only thine,
Only that name remaines: for, ſee, behold
VVhat puniſhment, what bonds do me infold:
But (cruell) thou in vprore with a ſong
Through *Phrigian* Cities hurri'ſt, and of wrong
To me art witleſſe; yet, if mothers breſt
Haue not quite loſt thee: if thou yet, of bleſt
And holy *Ceres* bear'ſt the name, let me
Begge one boone at thy hands (my liberty:)
Carry me vp againe, but if too late
I ſtriue 'gainſt *Ioue*, and my prefixed fate:

If backe I neuer muſt returne; yet thou,
At leaſt, with comfortable viſit now
Come ſee mee: thus ſhe ſpake, and going about
To ſtretch her hands, ſhe could not hold them out,
(So clogg'd with yrons) that (as ſhe vaniſht) ſhook:
(At which noyſe) *Ceres* fearefully awoke,
Glad, that the viſion had no trewer prou'd,
But ſorry for the want of her belou'd;
Vp ſtraight ſhe gets in a diſtracted mood,
And to *Cybele* doth her griefes vnloade:
No longer (ſacred Parent) can I ſtay
In *Phrigian* ground; the care calls me away
Of deareſt child, ſhe's yet a Girle and young,
Knowes not the danger of a flatt'ring tongue:
Her tender yeeres vnto all hazard yet
Doe her expoſe, nor do thoſe buildings great
And truſtie, of the *Cyclops*, me aſſure:
Each blaſt of fame, doth make me leſſe ſecure
Of ſafety (leſt ſhe to the gods reueale
My ſecret houſe) nor can the Iſle conceale
My daughters being there (it being a place
So famous) and withall th'apparent blaze
Of *Aetna*, and *Enceladus* deepe groanes
Cannot be hid, nor ſilenced his moanes.
My boading dreames in ſundry vncouth formes
Preſage, and eu'ry dreame ſends freſh alar'mes
Of doubts vnto me, my Propheticke thought
Still threatens, and hath ſtill vpon me wrought.
As often as the crowne of golden eares
Falls from my head of't ſelfe, vp get my feares
As oft, and ſtirre the bloud that on my breſt
Stands in a ſweat, whil'ſt I (perplext) no reſt

Can take: then on a ſuddaine doe ariſe
Two ſtreames, that breake from my vnwilling eyes,
My rebell hand doth beate my trembling heart,
VVhen I would touch my pipe (it ſeemes) all Art
And ſweetneſſe failes; that nothing doth remaine
But the dead ſound, and (being in this vaine)
My Tymbrel's ſtrokes, nought but ſad ſounds forth ſend;
All things (I feare) my griefes to come portend:
Delay is dangerous, ſuch words (replyes
Cybele) may they fruſtrate mount the skies;
Ioue's not ſo ſlacke: but (to her lateſt end)
VVith thunder, will be ready to defend
His pledge; but thou thy iourney onward haſte,
And backe returne, when thy falſe feare's ore'paſt:
Ceres takes leaue, the Temple leaues, and ſet
Vpon her Chariot) thinkes the Dragons yet
Are dull and lazy, with her laſh that rings
In th'ayre, belabours their alternate wings:
Tow'rd *Sicilie* ſhe driues amaine, and ſcant
O're *Ida*, but deſpaires, ſuſpects her want.
As a poore bird (of tender young bereft,
VVho to ſome tree or lower hedge were left,
Whil'ſt ſhe prepar'd them food; euer from whence
Her flight ſhe takes, a kind of troubled ſence,
Tender remorſe ſhe hath: firſt, leſt the wind
Her neſt blowe downe; next, leſt ſhe empty find
The ſame (to men or Snakes a prey) ſo ſhe,
So *Ceres*, when ſhe ſaw the cuſtodie
Faile, and the watch-folke of her houſe all gone,
The poſtes broke vp, hinges caſt downe, vpon
Her out-roomes deſolate; with ſuch a ſight
And vnexpected change, all in a fright

Her

Her clothes she rent, and from her soft haire teares
The sprigges and it; this madnesse dry'd her teares,
Nor had she breath to speake; but hauing spent
VVith trembling, all her spirits (as she went
Forward) the first step was a stumble still,
Yet on she goes, and with a madding will
VVanders about, to view these emptie roomes:
(As she from one into another comes)
On a disorder'd frame at length she lights,
The worker well she knew, but poorely slights
Th'imperfect piece, for (the diuine worke, spy'd)
She found, that the bold Spider had supply'd
VVith sacrilegious webbe, that emptie space:
Yet she nor wept, nor grieu'd; but kist the place
And cloth vnfinished, vpon those threds
She spends her dumbe complaints, and thinks she reades
Her daughter, on those faces: eu'ry toy
About the scatter'd roomes, doth she enioy
And hugge for *Proserpine*: now the chast couch
And forlorne bed inuites her to approach,
Which sluttishly (vnmade) seemes to complaine
For want of the soft waight it did sustaine.
Amaz'd she stands, (strook dumbe, in such distresse
Like a poore Swaine, or simple Shepheardesse,
(Whose flocke, whil'st she was farre from their relieue
To *Africke* Lyons rage, or cunning thiefe,
Expos'd) too late can she returne, and calls
The beasts (in vaine) within their hurdle walls;
So *Ceres*: and in th'vtmost roome she spy'd
Electra, Nurse vnto her child, a tride
Seruant of hers; and of the Ocean (came.
The most knowne ancient Nymph (from whence shee

Like

Like *Ceres* selfe, in goodnesse; this was she
That *Proserpine* from tender infancie
Bore at her brest; and, till she went alone,
Was vs'd for sport, *Ioues* thigh to set her on.
This her Companion was, her Guard select,
Whom (next her Mother) she would most respect.
When her thus *Ceres* found, rob'd of her trust,
With hoarie lockes now scatter'd in the dust,
(After a volley of loud sighes) the reines
To griefe she loosens, and breathes out her paines:
VVhat sacke is this (said she?) And are we giu'n
A prey to *Titans* hoast? Reignes *Ioue* in Heau'n?
(The Thund'rer liuing) who durst be so bold?
VVho durst commit this outrage, vncontrol'd?
Typhœus, *Alcyoneus*, haue these
Broke from the Mountaines, giu'n their yoakt-necks ease?
Or hath my neighbour *Aetna*, *Enceladus*
Freed? Or my household gods, *Briareus*
And seat destroy'd? Ah, where art thou (my Deare)
Those handmaids that attended on thee, where?
VVhere, where is *Cyane*? what violence,
My chanting *Syrens*, hath remou'd you hence?
Is this your faith? is this your loyaltie,
To keepe anothers Pledge from danger free?
The poore Nurse trembled, and her griefe gaue place
To stronger feare; not to haue seene the face
Of wofull *Ceres*, she would gladly haue dy'de:
Senceleſſe, amaz'd, awhile she doth abide,
(As loth the doubtfull mischiefe to discloſe)
Vntill at length, dispensing with her woes
And passions, thus she spake: I would the mad
And raging Armie of the Gyants had

Beene

Beene actors in this mischiefe; common things
Doe lesse affect vs, sorrow that most wrings
Is that which by our neerest friends is soughe,
And such is thine; for goddesses haue wrought,
Conspir'd thy ruine, nay (which least of all
Thou migh'tst suspect) sisters, did cause our fall:
The trecherous gods and wounds here behold
Of enui'ous kindred, that their bloods haue sold.
Phlegra 'gainst heau'n was ne're so furious,
As heau'n 'gainst thee (all vnpropitious)
Thy house a happy quiet did possesse,
While the chaste Virgin neuer would expresse
A thought of gadding, or scarce once bestowe
Her dainty foote (one only step to goe
Ouer the threshold) neither durst she make
A sally to the fields, fresh ayre to take.
So strict she was to thy commands, so bent
To her lou'd worke: at which (though tyr'd and spent)
All the delight and solace she desir'd
Was, from her *Syrens* songs and notes admir'd.
I was her bosome friend, she would impart
To me, the ioyes or sorrowes of her heart;
I was her bed-fellow, and to each sport
(As a companion should I still resort:)
Thus past we fairely on, till *Venus* came
Drawne hither (doubtfull) by what blast of fame;
And that she might the lesse suspected be,
Phœbe and *Pallas* are her companie:
With cunning smiles, and fain'd embraces soft
She often hugges thy daughter, and as oft
The name of sister iterates; complaines,
On her hard Mother: that so much restraines

Her, from whose liberie, and thinkes it strange
That thou abroad so farre from home could'st range,
And leaue her (in this solitarie place)
Farre from her fathers kingdome, that the face
Of heauen scarce she sees: and (that which most
Doth pitie moue) her conuersation lost
With kindred gods, the simple Mayd gaue eare
(Caught by this wily chat, and free from feare)
The goddesses she makes her welcome gifts,
Whom, with quaint cates and *Nectar* store she feasts:
The banquet done in sport and merriment
She wore *Diana's* robe, and her bow bent
With tender fingers drew, and oft in vaine
Minerua's golden head-piece, and huge shield
But *Venus*, straight, the craftie girle perceiu'd
Aetna's high top, and to the skies she mou'd
The Vallies flowrs, and some thing her admir'd,
Of which, she witt'ingly, vnlesse enquir'd
She could not thinke, or easily beleeue
The Rose, from all those frosts pack'd, should liue:
Or that the colder Months should there remaine
The Summers grasse, all winter to remaine,
Nor, that the tender blossomes of the Spring
Are nip't, by ang'ry *Boreas* blust'ring
(Thus praysing and thus doubting) with desire
To see the place, her breast was set on fire,
Thy tender Virgins frailtie, vnwary yeeres
Made her consent to goe, t'encrease my feares.
What teares spent I, to hinder her (in vaine?)
How little did my treaties (fruitlesse) gaine
From her? that (now resolu'd and confident)
In sisters guard (together with them: welnye)

And (a large traine of Nymphes attend them leaue
Vnto the Medowes clothed in lasting greene)
With the first morning light, when as the field
Yet chill with dewe, but quaffe liquid juice doth yeeld
To banke of Violets, they gathered there
The moyst'ned flowres, that with pearled drops appeare
But when the Sunne gott to the mid dayes height,
The Pole was ceaz'd on, by vnlook'd for night:
The trembling Iland then began to reele
And nod (shak'd by the noyse of Chariot wheele,
Of horses neighing) not to be appeased
(Whether the Coach-man Death his force exercised,
Or death her selfe:) the grasse and sweets gone,
Were dri'd, the fields straight burnt with parching heate
All things were blasted there, the Princes vision
We sawe, the Rose and Lilly taken quite
From native seat and colour: euery flowre
The pestilent contagion blasteth olde,
And (as the hoarse hell-hound of Stygian traine,
With horrid out-cries of the heauen (thorough) raine)
Backe with the Hell-blacke Chariot returnes night,
And to the World the day restoreth light
Discouers our foule folly and headinesse:
For now (our profession) not goddesses
Were seene, for the deare soule was tane away,
And they (that acte performed) made long stay
Poore Cyane vpon the Medow ground
Strooke dead, with cold and heauy heart we found,
And (as she lay) the garland from her browe,
We tooke, whose fresher flowres were wither'd now
With the hot Beame: there each of vs equipped,
And of our Mistris hapes in slow departed

On-

Like *Ceres* ſelfe, in goodneſſe; this was ſhe
That *Proſerpine* from tender infancie
Bore at her breſt; and, till ſhe went alone,
Was vs'd for ſport, *Ioues* thigh to ſet her on.
This her Companion was, her Guard ſelect,
Whom (next her Mother) ſhe would moſt reſpect.
When her thus *Ceres* found, rob'd of her truſt,
With hoarie lockes now ſcatter'd in the duſt,
(After a volley of loud ſighes) the reines
To griefe ſhe looſens, and breathes out her paines:
VVhat ſacke is this (ſaid ſhe?) And are we giu'n
A prey to *Titans* hoaſt? Reignes *Ioue* in Heau'n?
(The Thund'rer liuing) who durſt be ſo bold?
VVho durſt commit this outrage, vncontrol'd?
Typhœus, *Alcyoneus*, haue theſe
Broke from the Mountaines, giu'n their yoakt-necks eaſe?
Or hath my neighbour *Aetna*, *Enceladus*
Freed? Or my houſehold gods, *Briareus*
And ſeat deſtroy'd? Ah, where art thou (my Deare)
Thoſe handmaids that attended on thee, where?
VVhere, where is *Cyane?* what violence,
My chanting *Syrens*, hath remou'd you hence?
Is this your faith? is this your loyaltie,
To keepe anothers Pledge from danger free?
The poore Nurſe trembled, and her griefe gaue place
To ſtronger feare; not to haue ſeene the face
Of wofull *Ceres*, ſhe would gladly haue dy'de:
Senceleſſe, amaz'd, awhile ſhe doth abide,
(As loth the doubtfull miſchiefe to diſcloſe)
Vntill at length, diſpenſing with her woes
And paſſions, thus ſhe ſpake: I would the mad
And raging Armie of the Gyants had

Beene

Beene actors in this mischiefe; common things
Doe lesse affect vs, sorrow that most wrings
Is that which by our neerest friends is ought,
And such is thine; for goddesses have wrought,
Conspir'd thy ruine, nay (which least of all
Thou migh'tst suspect) sisters, did cause our fall:
The trechrous gods and wounds here behold
Of enui'ous kindred, that their bloods have sold.
Phlegra 'gainst heau'n was ne're so furious,
As heau'n 'gainst thee (all vnpropitious)
Thy house a happy quiet did possesse,
While the chaste Virgin needs would expresse
A thought of gadding, or scarce once bestowe
Her dainty foote (one only step to goe
Ouer the threshold) neither durst she make
A sally to the fields, fresh ayre to take.
So strict she was to thy commands, so bent
To her lou'd worke: at which (though tyr'd and spent)
All the delight and solace she desir'd
Was, from her *Syrens* songs and notes admir'd.
I was her bosome friend, she would impart
To me, the ioyes or sorrowes of her heart;
I was her bed-fellow, and to each sport
(As a companion should I still resort:)
Thus past we fairely on, till *Venus* came
Drawne hither (doubtfull) by what blast of fame;
And that she might the lesse suspected be,
Phœbe and *Pallas* are her companie:
With cunning smiles, and fain'd embraces soft
She often hugges thy daughter, and as oft
The name of sister iterates; complaines,
On her hard Mother: that so much restraines

Her, from whose liberrie, and thinkes it strange
That thou abroad so farre from home could'st range,
And leaue her in this solitarie place,
Farre from her fathers kingdome, that the face
Of heauen scarce shees: and (that which most
Doth pitie moue) her conuersation lost
With kindred goods, the simple Mayd gaue care
(Caught by this wily chaft, and free from feare)
The goddesses she makes her welcome guests,
Whom, with quaint cates and *Nectar* store she feasts:
The banquet done in sports and merriment
She wore *Diana's* robe, and her bogue bent
With tender fingers drew, and doughtie wield
Minerua's golden head-piece, and huge shield:
But *Venus*, straight, &c. [illegible]
Aetna's high top, and to the Ile she stayed
The Vallies flowrs, and something her dismayd,
Of which, the wittingly, and ill enquir'd
She could not thinke, or easily beleeue
The Rose, from all those frosts preserv'd should liue:
Or that the colder Month should them maime
The Summers grasse, all winter to remaine;
Nor, that the tender blossomes of the Spring
Are nip't, by ang'ry *Boreas* blustering.
(Thus praysing and thus doubting) with desire
To see the place, her breast was set on fire,
Thy tender Virgins fraile, vnwary yeeres
Made her consent to goe, t'encrease my feares.
What teares spent I, to hinder her (in vaine?)
How little did my streates (fruitlesse) gaine
From her? that (now resolu'd and confident)
In sisters guard (together with them went)

And (a large traine of Nymphes attending them)
Vnto the Medowes clothed in lasting greene,
With the first morning light, when as the field
Yet chill with dewe, her liquid juice doth yeeld
To banke of Violets, they gathered there
The moyst'ned flowres, that with pearled drops appeare:
But when the Sunne gan to the mid-dayes height,
The Pole was ceaz'd on, by vnlookt-for night:
The trembling Iland then began to reele
And nod (shak'd by the noyse of Chariot wheele,
Of horses neighing) not could it appeare
(Whether the Coach-man Death his fore-runner were,
Or death her selfe:) the grasse and violets greene
Were dri'd, the fields straight burnt with parching heate
All things were blasted there, the Princes white
We sawe, the Rose and Lilly pale quite
From native tent and colour earthy flowres
The pestilent contagion blasteth odor,
And (as the hoarse hell-hound of Limbo deepe
With horrid outcries of earths heart (the rather)
Backe with the hell-blacke Chariot neighes nigh;
And to the World the day-reflowed light
Discouers our sad losse and heauinesse:
For now (Proserpina) not goddesse
Were seene; for the dearest loue was ill prouided,
And they (that ere performed) made no stay
Poore Cyane spots the Medow ground
Strooke dead, with cold amazement we found;
And (as she lay) the garland from her browe
We tooke, whose freshest flowres were withered now
With the hot breame: there each of vs spoiles
And of our Mistris hapless downe

Of her (who neerest was to the faire Nymphe)
Each of vs with vngeasie doubtfulnesse
Demands the colour of the Steeds, and whether
The Coach-man was; but she (that melts in woe)
Nothing replyes, of nothing vs resolues:
But (metamorphos'd) secretly dissolues
Her selfe into a Fountaine; that soft haire
Vpon her head, her feet new turned are
Into a dew; those armes diffused growe
In streams, that (following our foot-steps) ouerflow.
The rest fled, and our Mayds with swift wing
Trudge to relieue, and (for griefe) to sing,
Since, ceasse and mone (in stead of melody)
Plague, sicknesse, poyson, and dire mortality:
And their sad voices now seruile the flentice
Th'vnheedy Mariner, that in a trice
(Answ'ring their wailes) finds his vnhappy end;
Of all thy seruants, balefull Stygian Fiend,
Thy sorrowing Lute-striker most pleases thee,
(Foole that she was) that durst presume to be
Backe with thy wife, and still so mourne,
That moode thy lingering ire, and (with fiery eye
Turn'd in her head, her breast turning) thou
Vp to the gods (her flings (with plaints as mouse)
As a fierce Tygresse, when her dearest brood
Of tender young, (by fearefull horsemen hunted)
To Persian king, (thundring) out flies the winds,
(Dispersing all her rage, and fury blinde)
In shining spots (at length) the Tygre finds
The Hunter, whil'st with a wide mouth makes
Him leaue his prey; but in a shape of glasse
He coozens the poore beast, and safe doth passe

Onward his way: th'enraged Mother thus
Throughout all heauen ſtormes: reſtore to vs
Reſtore, ſh'exclaimes; we are no wandring brood
Of ſome baſe Riuer, nor *Plebeian* blood
Of *Driades* flowes from vs; *Saturne* high
Begot me on the tow'ry *Cybele*:
Where is the priuiledge of gods then? where
You gods, of thoſe drad lawes the ſacred feare?
What bootes a vertuous life, or what? the faire
Title of good, if *Cytherea* dare,
If ſhameleſſe ſhe preſume to ſhew that face
(Vnmask't by *Lemnian* nets, to her diſgrace?)
That wholſome ſleep, the couch, thoſe twynings chaſte
Of her and *Mars*, made her thus bold at laſt
With me and mine: ſince when (no maruaile) though
Such deeds, and ſuch baſe actions from her flowe:
But what? are you turn'd *Pandareſſes*, you;
Diana and *Pallas*, that yet neuer knew
What luſt meant? Is your mayden honour gone?
Are your vowes chang'd, that thus you waited on
Venus and her bolde Ruffian? (ſuffice:)
You both deſeru'd the bloudy ſacrifice
Of thirſty Scythian altar: let me know
The reaſon of your rage; what mou'd you ſo
'Gainſt *Proſerpine*? did ſhe in word or thought
Offend you euer, had ſhe euer ſought
T'expell thee, *Delia*, from thy groues? or e're
Did ſhe, *Tritonia*, thy ſtrong armes beare.
Or was ſh'offenſiue in her ſpeech? or rude,
(Her ſelfe into your dances to intrude?)
Oh no: *Trinacria* was her loued home,
She neuer ſtirr'd, neuer from thence would roame:

But what auail'd such pinnacle? no day
No time, could keepe your enuious eyes away:
Thus she the goddesses (that silent were,
Aw'd by great *Ioue*) blam'd with her speech seuere:
(Silent) they nought would know, and no reliefe
Could giue, but teares (said Eccho's to her griefe)
VVhat should she doe? yet to another straine
She (falls) into intreaties mild againe.
Pardon (quoth shee) yee deities, if loue,
If my too strong affection, did moue
A wretch to those extremes, that were vnfit;
Pardon ye Powr's diuine and pitie it.
Looke, how I kneele; looke, how mine age doth bow
Lowe at your feete: (thus prostrate) let me know
(Only) the certainty of my sad state,
The manner of my woes vnfortunate:
(VVhat e're) let me but know it; I shall thinke,
That fate (not mischiefe) made my fortunes sinke:
Let me but see my daughter once: nor? nor?
Shall I, the search of mine owne bloud forgoe?
But, feare not (whosoe're thou art) thy prey
Safely enioy; I, to thy choyse giue way.
And if the Rauisher (you goddesses)
Haue brib'd you, for your silence? yet confesse,
At least (*Lucina*) thou, thou that too well,
Lucina's name, and our great paines canst tell,
That double birth, the swinnes (which thou didst heare)
VVell testifie, how much the loue and feare
Of children costs vs; thou, (all happy) art
In two, whil'st I of one haue lost my part:
So maist thou euer (to thy wisht desire)
Enioy thy yellow sonne and daughter deare.

The goddesses (at their fresh plaints) no power
Had, to refraine; but with a second showr
Of teares, they wash their cheekes: poore remedie
(She sayth) your weeping silence gives to me:
Ay me! they all are fled; why stand'st thou here?
Why stay'st thou longer, and perceiv'st not cleere,
That heauen is arm'd against thee? rather haste,
Search euery nooke of land, the Ocean vaste:
I will, and follow the diurnall Sunne
(Vnweari'd) with him in swift course to runne;
Through hidden wayes; not an houre of rest,
No sleepe shall seyze vpon my troubled brest,
Till my lost pledge I finde: (whether her graue
Be digg'd by *Thetis* in *Iberian* waues;
Or in the Red-Sea she intrenched be)
No place, no secret corner shall goe free:
Not frosty *Rhenus*, or *Riphean* cold,
Nor heate of *Lybian* sands, shall me with hold
From strictest search; and (till I find her out)
The vtmost limits will I pry e throughout,
Of *Southerne* winde, and (for a further proofe)
Will visit *Boreas* in his snowie roofe:
Then, will I tread on *Atlas* in the West;
Next, with my flaming torches in the East
Hidaspes shines; then looke vpon me, *Ione*:
Looke, how this wandring vagamund shall roue,
Through Townes and Countries: doe thou look on me,
Thou *Iuno*, and to my destruction, see
And reape thy full content: then, then, no more
Grieue at this riuall (thy base husbands whore.)
Insult yee proud gods at my fortunes mocke,
Boast your great triumph on poore *Ceres* stocke.

Thus

Thus ſpoke ſhe, and from off the lofty top
Of her knowne *Aetna* downeward ſlid, to lop
The branches from thoſe trees that muſt giue light,
And guide her errant labours in the night:
Neere to the Riuer *Acis*, ſtood a Grotte
(Whoſe little ſtreames, in memorie of loue)
Faire *Galatea* to the Sea prefers,
And oft there bathes the beautious limbes of hers:
The trees grew thick here; their intangled boughs
On eu'ry ſide ſhadow high *Aetna's* browes;
Thither brought *Iupiter* the captiu'd prey
Which, he (long ſince) had got in Gyant frey:
The wood grew proud of that *Phlegraan* broile,
And victorie, cloath'd eu'ry tree with ſpoile;
Here, the vaſt iawes, and each prodigious limbe
Of Gyants hung, their heads, their faces grimme.
(Yet threatning) to thoſe boughleſſe trunks are fixt
And faſtned: (mongſt which) the bones are mixt,
Of ſcatter'd Serpents, and their rugged skinnes
(Shrunk vp by thunder from their withered ſinnes:)
No tree, here grew, that not preſeru'd the fame,
And of ſome conquer'd Gyant bore a name.
This, of *Aegeons* hundred hands, the ſteele,
(Whoſe waight her crooked branches bent) did feele
That *Caus* Armes, this ſhield of *Mimas* wore,
A groaning fourth naked *Ophion* bore.
And laſt, a Firre tree (taller then the reſt,
For broad ſhade-ſpreading leaues, 'mongſt all, the beſt)
The ſmoakie Trophies of *Enceladus*
Their king, did load: the waight (ſo ponderous)
Had broke the body of that goodly tree
(Did not a ſtrong Oake prop with neere ſupplie:

So

So sacred was the feare and piety
To this most memorable groue, that free
From least offence, the heauenly Trophies hung,
Nor durst rude shepheards rustick pipe and song
Draw hither, their faint bleating flocks to shade;
Nor *Cyclop's* once with cruell axe inuade
The lustie Oake: when *Poliphemus* spies
This place, he from the sacred shadow flyes.
But neither deity, nor reuerence
Of zeale, religion of the place; from thence
Long kept th'incensed *Ceres*, whose strong arme
VVith wheeling Sythe (to their lamented harme)
Cuts downe the trunklesse bodies: (in this mood)
Eu'n *Ioue* she wounds; the Pine tree falls, nor stood
The smoother Cedar, but doth prostrate fall,
Here, she destroies; there, leaues: and (last of all)
She lookes vpon her handy-worke, and viewes
The mangled bodies (which of them to chuse
Fit'st for her purpose:) so, the Marchants care
Prouides (for safety of his life and ware,
VVhich he transports, to some long voyage bent)
('Gainst angry stormes and tempests prouident.)
(First, the tall Cedar and hard Beech applyde
To the maine mast and rudder, the Barkes guide)
The softer wood to the light Oare he giues,
And strongest trees for moisture Keele contriues.
Two neighb'ring Cypresses, there, lift on high
Their tow'ring, vntouch't heads (that kisse the skie)
Such two on *Ida's* toppe, fleete *Simois*
Did neuer see; *Orontes*, such (as these)
Did neuer sprinkle with swift streames (that flow
Vnto *Apollo's* Groue, where none such grow)

So equall in their height, and boughs esteem'd,
So eu'n they grow, that brother-twins they seem'd;
(Despising with their fellow-tops, the grome:)
These, *Ceres* chose for torches; and would proue
Her stubborn strength vpon them both; when (first)
Her armes she tuck't, then folded vp her skirt:
Next, with sharpe axe, she hewes alternately
The two, (that on the ground straight groueling ly
Alike, they suffer'd in their fall) alike,
Their locks they shed, the Fawns & wet Nymphs shricke
(For griefe) to view their ruine (as they lay).
Shee lifts them vp, and beares with her away:
(The loose haire turn'd ouer her shoulder) she
Descends from panting Mountaines suddainely; (teare
Through flames she goes, through craggy rockes doth
A passage; the parch't sands (that skorne to beare
Her steppes) she kickes.
So, curs'd *Megera* hastens the wisht light
Of fatall Yew trees, when some horrid slight
She practiseth 'gainst *Cadmus*, *Theban* walls;
Or, when her malice and pale veng'ance falls
On poore *Thyestian* towne; darkenesse and Fiends
Make her a lane to passe (as she descends
To *Phlegeton*) in whose hot waues she dipp't
The deadly lights, that with his flames were typ't:
So, when the goddesse was arriu'd at last;
At the Rockes scorching mouth, she from her cast
The Cypresses, into those iawes (her face
Turn'd from the smoake) now eu'ry hollow place
Was fill'd, and the contracted fire (with-drawne)
Kept in the flames, and stopt their wauing yawne:

The Mountaine rumbles, *Mulciber* 'gan striue
(Halfe choak't) th'imprison'd vapours to relieue.
When, loe; the berry-bearing Cypresse leaues
Did shine, and sulphure mixt (that to them cleaues)
Made the boughs crackle, and high *Aetna* raise
His old flames higher by this new-come blaze.
Then tooke she vp the fire-brands (whose dimme light
Lest it should faile her in the tedious flight)
She 'nointed with the iuice that *Phaeton*
His Steeds; and liquor that the Moone, vpon
Her Heifers, sprinkles. Now sofe rest doth creepe
On mortall browes, their eye-lids folds in sleepe:
Whil'st she (with griefe-torne heart vpon her way
And progresse) something thus t'her selfe would say:
Full little did I thinke (while thou wert mine)
To looke thee with these lights (my *Proserpine*)
Lou'd Mothers wishes, feruent strong desire
Of marri'ge bed, and holy Nuptiall fire
Were my delights: and oh! how I did long,
In heau'n to heare the *Saffron Hymens* song.
But *Lachesis* (that makes no difference
'Twixt men and gods) would not with me dispence:
How honour'd was I lately, how ador'd
By Suters great, that me for thee implor'd?
What Mother (though she ne're so fruitfull were)
But thought me happier then her selfe (to beare
Eu'n thee alone) my first, my latest ioy:
By thee my barrennesse did fruit enioy:
By thee was I a goddesse (deifi'd)
(Whil'st thou my glory wer't, thy Mothers pride:)
I neuer vnto *Iuno* 'inferior was
(Whil'st thou had'st being squallid now and base)

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So eu'n they grow, that brother-twins they ſeem'd;
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Her ſtubborn ſtrength vpon them both; when (firſt)
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I neuer vnto *Iuno* inferior was
(Whil'st thou had'st being squallid now and base)

Gramercie, *Ioue*: but why giue I a part
To him? (my ſelfe the cauſer of my ſmart)
'Twas I, 'twas cruell I; now I diſcloſe
My careleſneſſe, that thee, to buſie foes
Forſaken, left: whil'ſt I (ſecurely glad)
Frisk't to the noyſe of *Bacchus* daunces (maddie)
And with the ſound of ratling armes (vnkind)
(Whil'ſt thou wert rapt) the *Phrigian* Lion ioin'd
To the ſwift Chariot; but behold (my ſweet)
The puniſhment for theſe deſeruings meet.
Looke on the gaping wounds vpon my face,
The red-turn'd furrowes, that my breſt deface;
My wombe (vnmindfull) that it thee had borne,
Looke, how by frequent ſtrokes 'tis rent and torne:
Where ſhall I ſeeke thee, in which heauen aboue?
Vnder what Clymate here, on earth do'ſt moue?
What guide, what tracke ſhall leade me? (might I know
But in what kind of Chariot thou did'ſt goe,
Where the damn'd thiefe doth liue, in earth or ſeas?)
The print of the ſwift wheeles my ſight would pleaſe.
I goe, I goe, where my faint plants ſhall guide,
Whether blind chance: ſorrow, like this betide
Diona (all forſaken) may ſhe looke
For her loſt *Venus*.
Shall it be lawfull, will ſome Deſtinie
Giue way (my child) that once more I may ſee,
Once more embrace thee? doth that beauty reigne
Vpon thy cheekes, and freſhneſſe ſtill remaine?
Or ſhall I hap (vnhappy) to behold
Thee ſuch, as night and dreams haue oft foretold?
Thus ſayd ſhe; and the firſt ſtep ſhe aduanc't
From *Aetna*, on the flow'rs to light, ſhe chanc't:

Thoſe

Thoſe flowr's, that to her griefe, her daughters fate
Were conſcious: ſhe deteſts with curſing hate
Thoſe, and the place (made priuie to the rape:) (ſhape,
Then (through confus'd pathes) ſhe her courſe doth
Pryes through the fields with blazing light, and lowe
Sh'inclines the brands (all comfortleſſe) in woe,
With teares ſhe bathes her cheekes: teares, that abound;
(Producing ſighes and groanes, that with their ſound
Ring in th'ayre and woods) the flaming light
Now ſpreds on farre, whoſe ſhadow in calme night
Swimmes on the Seas; the blaze of it doth flie
To Lybian coaſt, and bankes of Italy;
Th'*Etruſcan* ſhore was bright and cleerly ſeene,
And (from th'inflamed Seas) the *Sirtes* ſhine.
Next vnto *Scilla's* dennes ſhe goes, the light
Vnuſuall, thoſe mad dogges did affright:
VVhil'ſt (ſome aſtoniſht) ſilent were (the reſt
More hardy) bark't at their vnwelcome gueſt.

Finis Libri Tertij.

FINIS.